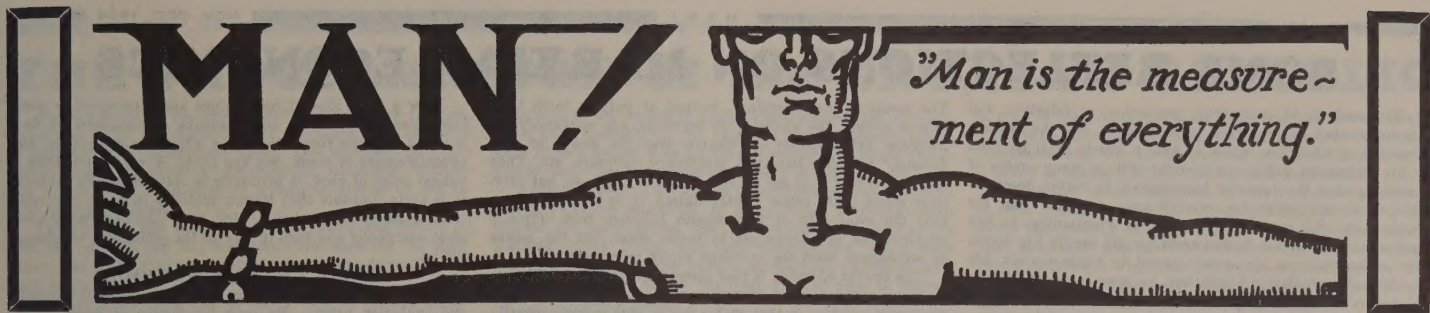




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CURRENT EVENTS AND THEIR SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE

The Suicide Strike of the Miners

The 1156 miners of Pecs, Hungary, who barricaded themselves for five successive days in a death-suicide pact have done more than merely calling attention to the fact that they could no longer subsist with their families upon a \$2.00 a week wage paid to them by the English controlled Danube Steam Navigation Committee; they have called the attention of the world by pointing at a sore that the oppressed and exploited suffer from everywhere: want and misery as a result of the continued replacement of man-power by the machines, and the greedy desire of every industrial exploiter to pile up more and more dividends for a useless privileged class of coupon holders—supported under the wings of the "Law and Order" brigade.

By impudent statements of Premier Julius Goemboos on one hand and a fearful hush-up settlement of the Interior minister, the strike was ended.

In reality nothing was settled. For, so long as the present system based and reared upon the very manifestations that have come to the fore at Pecs remains in force, the exploited masses of the world will be driven again and again to such acts of futile despair as the attempted suicide of the miners in Hungary.

We say futile, because nothing but death is achieved by suicide, whereas through the surges of Rebellion come forth a renewal of life and hope for a more just opportunity to live.

Lynching 'Under Law and Order

The direct responsibility for nearly every lynching that takes place in this country was never so strikingly pointed directly to the sworn upholders of "Law and Order" as in the bestial lynching of Claude Neal, in Jackson County, Florida. The press of the country was informed 24 hours before of the intended lynching. A sheriff openly made the brazen statement that no one of the mob that would carry out the nefarious murder would be molested. And this sheriff knew what he was talking about. For it was the fortieth lynching that has been perpetrated in the state of Florida without a single conviction.

Various organizations have telegraphed to President Roosevelt, Attorney General Cummings, and to state officials of Florida. But the ever-ready, talkative Roosevelt has so far remained mum and deaf, whilst Attorney General Cummings is too busy commending his agents for their (?) courageous ambushing and murdering "law" breakers—without even any due process of law as prescribed by the constitution.

The lynching of Negroes, and for that matter of any victim, will continue unabated just so long as the present system that thrives upon race hatred, bigotry, and nationalism survives. It is only when the dawn of true Justice will be achieved that lynchings will become a mere black page in the infamous past history of mankind.

Political Action On Trial In California

The loss of the governorship by Upton Sinclair is perhaps his greatest victory. Sinclair's career as a "reformer" might have ended with his winning the governorship. By stealing the election from him, Sinclair augurs well in becoming the political "hope" of the future to-be-mislead progressive voters of this country. The Ramsay MacDonald tragical episode of Great Britain is to be transplanted and to be re-enacted in the United States as well, thanks to the reactionaries, liberals as the San Francisco News, socialists, and communists of California, who all aided in bringing about this situation.

The campaign to defeat by hook or by crook the election of Sinclair has brought to the front other issues far more significant in themselves than the candidacy of Sinclair. The Epic Plan for Ending Poverty in California attracted hundreds of thousands of people to the support of Sinclair regardless of his past close affiliation with the Socialist and Communist movement. These yesterday's democrats, republicans, and socialists were just as ready to support Sinclair as Sinclair was to turn overnight into a faithful adherent to the "new deal" of Mr. Roosevelt. The only pity of it was that neither Sinclair nor the people that flocked to his support stopped for a moment to reckon the fact that their manoeuvre was but a political one, and as such was doomed to disaster by the real politicians who control elections and thereby the government as well.

MAN! has repeatedly referred to the evil power of the press in no polite terms. Our only apology, if it is necessary to make one, is that the English language does not possess sufficiently strong enough words befitting the WHORES who

work on the DAILY NEWS BROTHELS published as daily newspapers. Not a single daily newspaper of any importance, numbering over 300, had supported Sinclair. Not only this alone, but all alike they suppressed most of the news about his campaign, distorted his statements, printed the filthiest, most malicious kind of falsehoods against the Epic Plan and Sinclair.

The Daily Press was not, however the only force employed by the ruling thieves of California's wealth. The representatives of "god" were ordered to duplicate the shameless work of the press harlots, and with very few notable exceptions, the "holy" men obeyed their masters.

Movieland, that glittering display of pretended decency contributed its share of dirty work.

The employer thieves cajoled, intimidated, and ordered every one holding a job how and for whom to vote.

The Democratic party, whose candidate Sinclair was, contributed the most abominable acts of deceit. The war-time falsehood disseminator and scab supplier under the new deal, George Creel, aided to trim and frame the platform for Sinclair only to knife him in the back on the eve of election day. McDoo the other framer of the platform was busy aiding democratic politicians in other states. Mr. Farley, the Tammany Hall job dispenser under Mr. Roosevelt aided in discrediting the candidacy of Sinclair. Topping the list of deceit was none other than the sanctimonious hypocrite Franklin D. Roosevelt. Sinclair is only making a fool of himself by still professing faith in Roosevelt, when everyone knows that the latter feared that the triumph of the Epic campaign might endanger his new deal scheme to bolster up the present system.

If ever there was needed a demonstration as to the hopeless futility of an honest candidate or movement having anything to do with politics, the recent gubernatorial election in California should prove the most potent cure of such notions.

Governments were founded for the protection and perpetuation of the exploitation of the many by the few. Politics imply jugglery and trickery. Any sincere man or group of people that imagines for a single moment that they can use the so-called right of suffrage for changing or reforming the present system of exploitation for the benefit of the people should take heed of what has just taken place in California.

Only as long as the "citizenship" votes as the exploiters and politicians expect them to—no such methods are employed to defeat any candidate as was done in the instance of Sinclair. The right of suffrage is therefore but a huge fraud, utilized only to perpetuate the present system of wrong and injustice.

Furthermore, not one single iota of freedom or justice has ever been won via the ballot box. Whatever Governments have granted by law was wrong from them by the people via Direct Acts of Economic Pressure, Insurrections, and Rebellions.

The Ballot Box was once again on trial. This time in California. It was found wanting most miserably. The anarchist opposition towards the futility of political action stands re-vindicated anew.

The hundreds and thousands of men and women that supported the Epic candidate need not despair. They can get everything they had hoped for, and even more than that, whenever they make up their minds to begin to ACT as MEN and to FIGHT, if need be, in order to achieve their aims. For this, they need, not Political, but Direct Action.

Meet the All-American Team!

An unusual event has taken place at Washington during the month of October, and for a few successive days the New York Times ran such headings over its news stories:

"Bankers Aligned with Roosevelt . . . Words Relieved Doubts . . . Bankers Applaud Roosevelt . . . Bankers Call on President, Pledge Team Play."

Now for some excerpts of the news stories from the same Times:

"We (the bankers) told the President that all four players (visitors) wanted to play on his all-American football team . . . He didn't specify our positions, but accepted our offers." (Times, Oct. 27.)

Tucked away on its financial page, an unsigned article in the Times of October 28 said:

"Bank Fog Lessened by Administration . . . An out-

Our New Address

The attention of all our readers, collaborators and exchanges is called to our new address which is now:

MAN!

P. O. Box 115, San Francisco, Calif.

standing example has been the concern stirred up among bankers recently by rumors that the administration was considering a government-owned central bank. This report has deeply affected the confidence of bankers, but they have been unable to determine whether it had substance.

Another consideration, not greatly stressed but present in the minds of many bankers, was the likelihood that co-operation between them and the administration might prove a safeguard for both parties against radical proposals in the next Congress. Many bankers feel that legislation will be proposed in the next Congress at variance with some objectives indicated by the President in his address and that proposals disconcerting to bankers are inevitable.

In the circumstances, it is felt that by their new alliance with the administration the bankers have obtained the strongest defense available against hostile legislation, while the President has accepted the leadership of a group that may be counted upon to support him in checking movements in Congress contrary to his policies.

The editorial leader in the same issue of the Times is even more enlightening. It is fittingly headed: "Opportunism," and says in part:

"President Roosevelt's speech to the bankers has set on edge the teeth of some of his western supporters. What gravels them most is his frank statement that for some weeks he has been conferring with prominent bankers. Is this the man, they ask, who a year ago was going to drive the 'unscrupulous money-changers' out of the temple? Is he now temporizing? They have thought him to be a President with deep and unchangeable convictions, who would drive straight to his mark no matter what obstacles rose before him. Now they suspect, or fear, that he is showing himself to be only what they contemptuously call 'an opportunist.' Such is the implication of many expressions of public opinion coming from the middle west and the northwest.

These doubters and grumblers might be asked if they ever knew of a successful ruler who was not something of an opportunist?"

For once the Times has written the truth, a truth so often repeated by Anarchists, but little heeded, that every politician is an opportunist.

The readers of MAN! no doubt are aware of our repeated denunciation of Franklin D. Roosevelt as a most sinister mountebank who, under the phrase of a "New Deal" is only attempting to perpetuate the same Double Deal from which the exploited and ruled masses have been suffering ever since exploitation and rulership of man over man began.

The root of Government is Plunder by Force and Violence. In its evolutionary modern development it erected thousands upon thousands of laws to safeguard, to protect and to perpetuate whatever the multitudes are being robbed of by the exploiters of mankind. All the twaddle and hypocritical bewailings of priests and rabbies, professors and politicians, press harlots and judges, about the sacred "rights of private property," "legitimate profits," and "profit motive" justifications, cannot hide the glaring fact of thus attempting to justify the continuation of the present system of the exploitation of the many by the few.

Whoever takes the reigns of the government in his hands is forced to swear in upholding, protecting and in perpetuating this LEGALIZED PLUNDERING OF THE WEALTH CREATED BY THE PEOPLE. Washington or Lincoln, Jefferson or Wilson, Taft or the present Roosevelt—they all have lived up to their oaths. We point this out in order to make it clear that our upbraiding of F. D. Roosevelt is not motivated by any personal reasons. It is the system of society based upon Exploitation and Government that we are attacking. Incidentally, we are attacking Roosevelt as the perpetrator of this reign of injustice as well as for his hiding under an hypocritical shield, such as a "new deal."

The barefaced open admittances by the N. Y. Times of Mr. Roosevelt's open alliance with the bank sharks of the country is something that is more than worth the while to be pondered upon by the many credulous mislead people who began to look forward to every "fireside" political clap-trap of Mr. Roosevelt as the Hebrews are said to have looked up to Moses when he revealed the "ten commandments."

As to the press which serve so true the interests of the present system by parading the "new deal," we cannot complain against them. They are serving the Exploiting class true and well. The liberals and labor misleaders who have also been taken in by the "new deal" phraseology, to the point of offering plaques and testimonials to Mr. Roosevelt, will no doubt begin now to recant as they often are wont to do, after having morally aided in the misleading and betrayal of the people.

The end of the New Deal Masquerade has blazen forth in the shameless arrogant insult to the credulous people by Mr. Roosevelt's "All American Team" speech to the Bankers who rule the country.

The denouement of Mr. Roosevelt was long overdue. In reality, the Finance Reconstruction Corporation, organized by the already disreputable tool of Wall Street—Herby Hoover has been continued uninterruptedly by Franklin D. Roosevelt. The official records of FRC show that of all the

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SOME REFLECTIONS ON MARXIAN ECONOMICS

The analysis of capitalistic production, exploitation, and accumulation, as presented by Karl Marx, and the implicit direction to which the course of human events must go (and in his estimation will go) is fraught with so many errors of reasoning that the value of his program is highly questionable as a safe guide for revolutionary activity. Had his errors been of a minor nature, possibly overhauling, as has been attempted by the "revisionists," could rectify his views. But as so many of his errors consist in fundamentals, his conclusion or "solution," although he was too dogmatic to label it as such, proves to be reactionary and futile.

CAPITAL AS MARX UNDERSTOOD IT—A CRITICISM

The first and probably most fundamental error is his reasoning in dealing with the word capital and what its necessary social status must be in order for exploitation to cease. Capital is defined in two ways, in the abstract and in the concrete. Marx used both but his fault lies in that he started with the abstract definition and in the course of his reasoning substituted the concrete, thereby invalidating his conclusion. The abstract definition, as used by Marx, is: Capital is the means of appropriating surplus-value. The concrete definition, to be in agreement with the abstract, would include land ownership, privileges which confer a monopoly of the issue of the medium of exchange, patent rights, tariffs, franchises, and the governmental right of the compulsory collection of taxes. The popular definition is "that portion of wealth used in the production of more wealth," but this definition admits of confusion in that the word wealth is conceived in different senses, one including natural resources, the other only those resources upon which labor has been applied. The one would include land (in the broadest use of the term) and natural laws and processes, the second only the products of human labor. Now these distinctions are definite and logical and in order to arrive at a clear understanding of things and to have reasoning processes deal with ideas instead of words, it is necessary to agree upon terms.

So therefore let us formulate definitions that will admit of no ambiguity and at the same time agree as far as possible with general use. Land is generally understood to include all the materials and forces of nature outside of man himself. Labor is any productive effort that results in an exchangeable product, that is, any product having value. Value (tautologically called exchange value) is what one can get for a thing in contradistinction to the misnomer "use-value." This is the sense in which Marx generally used it and the sense in which most economists use it. (Exchange, and therefore value, depends upon an ownership economy as the concept of value arises only under conditions of free exchange.) Labor applied to land results in wealth. (Therefore nothing to which labor has not been applied can be logically classed as wealth.) That part of wealth used in the production of more wealth is called capital. It may be said that all wealth is used, indirectly, in the production of more wealth, which is, broadly speaking, true. All products are capital in the larger sense. But in the indirect processes of capitalistic production, or rather of any large scale production using intensive specialization, the products such as buildings, machines, railroads, etc., that are used up in the production of things immediately consumable are conceived of as capital. Such is capital used in the concrete sense. "Capital" used abstractly refers to a means; "capital" used in the concrete connotes things. Using the concrete concept, there is no fundamental difference between capital and product, as Marx thought.

In using the expression "surplus-value" Marx was unfortunate in leaving its exact meaning ambiguous. Did he mean that part of product resulting from the fact that men can produce more than they need to consume? In other words, is surplus value that portion of wealth remaining after cost of production (what is necessary to rehabilitate a worker for effort expended) is subtracted? As all labor leaves a surplus, otherwise there could be no explanation for the existence of capital, "surplus-value" would exist under any economic system. Or does he mean by surplus-value that part of product which an employer retains over and above the value he, as a worker, contributed? Superficially, these might seem to be identical. Did Marx mean to abolish surplus-value or divert it to its rightful owners? When he defines capital as the "means of acquiring surplus-value" does he imply that "acquiring surplus-value" is exploitation? What, precisely, is surplus-value?

However, assuming that he meant by surplus-value that part of product which an employer retains over and above what he himself produced, let us investigate how he falsely attributed to the ownership of wealth the power to command an unearned income—why he attributed to concrete capital the strange ability to add to itself. Marx's error consists in first defining capital as the means of acquiring surplus-value and stating, implicitly, that, for the abolition of exploitation, it was necessary for capital, so defined, to be the equal or common heritage of everyone. Then switching to the concrete definition he assumed an identity which has been shown to be fallacious. Capital, understood to mean the privileges above mentioned, is an entirely different thing from capital conceived as the product of labor. The monopolies of land, money, patents, franchises, tariffs, and the governmental compulsory taxation right are not the results of labor but are law-created privileges and as such should be abolished, as special rights and the use of land, the issue of money, the use of ideas, and the unrestricted right to trade be free for the use and benefit of everyone. Such are the things that constitute capital as used in the abstract sense. But in the concrete sense we have seen that they are not capital at all. Capital, in the concrete sense, is not the "means of appropriating surplus-value," but Marx's substitution in the course of his reasoning gives credence to the false belief that it is either necessary or desirable to abolish private ownership of things which are the result of human effort.

The result is that Marxians, instead of putting forth their efforts toward the abolition of privilege, are constantly reiterating the necessity of "taking over the means of production," meaning buildings, machinery, railroads, etc. They fail to see that it is not private ownership, per se, but privilege which is the cause of exploitation. It is true, of course, that the ownership of vast wealth holdings were unjustly acquired and are dangerous to social order, but the means of acquisition were the privilege above mentioned.

The upshot of which is that instead of being revolutionists for a sane social order, Marxians and communists generally are really enemies to that stable factor that insures security in the present social order and leave unnoticed and unhindered the factors that are the real cause of exploitation. Marx, unable to solve the economic problem, proposed taking everything away from everyone and turning it over to politicians. A phrase almost inevitably flowing from his analysis is "profit is made at the point of production" by which the ire of the working class is concentrated on the industrialist. Marx never clearly differentiated between the industrial and the financial fields and when Proudhon attempted to demonstrate to him that the evil lay principally in the realm of circulation and that the financier would ultimately gobble up the industrialist, Marx, the self-styled scientist, poo-pooed the idea and practically called Proudhon an ass. Time has proven which of these great thinkers was correct. Unfortunately, even today, largely due to Marx's superficial view, we see the conflict going on principally between the real producers—farmers, factory workers, and manufacturers—in the form of strikes and price disputes, while the greatest robber, the financier or banker, remains practically unnoticed. Marx thought the use of money did not change or affect the nature of exploitation.

To the question of "What is Capitalism," therefore, it is quite impossible to get a clear and definite meaning. Marxians generally answer: Capitalism means the private ownership of the means of production. "Capitalism," if it is to be used in an odious sense, should be defined as any economic system by which capital is made of things not the result of human effort. Hence "capital" would mean anything which aids in affording an income. Anything which aids us in getting wealth is capital—land is the capital of the landlord, privileges are the capital of the privileged class, the "labor-power" of the workman is his capital, machinery the capital of the manufacturer, the privilege of taxing is the capital of the politician, and the privilege to dictate the methods of production and the terms of apportionment, as would exist under authoritarian communism would inevitably become the capital of the rulers of that system and would constitute it as much "capitalism" as we now have, with a little extra tyranny thrown in.

MARX'S CONCEPT OF VALUE AND SURPLUS-VALUE

Marx's second major error hinges on his misconceived idea of value and the false conclusions directly following its use in reasoning. He sometimes uses the word value to mean what the exchanges equivalency of a product, or commodity as he prefers to call it, should be and at other times what it is. In one case the value of a thing is what it is "worth," in the other what one can get for it. He mentioned that sometimes a commodity sells for less than its value, and sometimes for more. A clear case of playing havoc with the elemental origin and use of the term. His definition is that the "value of a commodity is measured by the socially necessary labor power embodied in it." He eliminates, therefore, any factor of utility that may affect the value of a thing. It is true that by "socially necessary" he implied that it included only useful labor. But this is but another way of saying that utility not only determines the value of labor but also the value of the product of labor. He virtually says, therefore, that the value of labor is affected by its usefulness but did not understand that this usefulness cannot be estimated until it is incorporated into a product. In other words, while the utility of products can influence the value of the labor incorporated in them, the amount of labor cannot conversely measure the value of products.

Now Marx agrees that value means "exchange-value," but by thinking that values can be ascertained in production and not seeming to realize that not until commodities are brought to market are their values determined, he virtually takes the absurd position of eliminating any factor of desire or utility that may affect the "exchange-value" of a commodity. It is quite evident that no matter how much labor is embodied in a thing if it has no utility it can have no value at all. On the other hand, in the monopolistic ownership of, say, rich mining territory, the value of the product evolved would depend on the desire and purchasing ability of potential buyers. The value would tend to rise as the scarcity of it and the need for it irrespective of the labor necessary for production. The only time that "exchange-value" (which is itself tautology because value means exchange equivalency) approaches a definite relation to the labor cost of production is at the margin of cultivation (or production) or when competition is free. In his brochure entitled, "Value, Price, and Profit," he inserts a parenthetical phrase—"apart from the effects of monopoly"—which practically annihilates the impression given by the whole essay. It is as if one were to say that every man has three eyes—except those who have only two. The apparently irrelevant exception invalidates the whole rule. It is true that Marx is entitled to make his own definitions and say that when the price of a commodity is above its production costs the difference is "surplus-value" but in doing so he begs the whole question at issue: What are the factors determining the market value of a commodity? The amount of "surplus-value" taken by the capitalist, in Marx's analysis, equals the difference between the amount of commodities produced and the amount necessary for the rehabilitation of the laborer, which is not true. In "good times" he can actually save a portion of his wages even though he may still be exploited, and in times of stress, were it not for charity he would starve.

Now a clear idea of how values are determined is absolutely necessary for the understanding of economics, in fact, it is not only the foundation upon which the analysis of how apportionment is made, but the study of economics, from a radical point of view, is primarily to solve this very problem. It is quite probable that Marx's inability to do so had much to do to formulate his belief: Hell, let's take everything away from everybody and turn it over to the politicians to manage for us.

MARX'S DISMAL WAGE THEORY

In dealing with the question of wages his usual looseness and confusion occurs. He says the "value of labor-power" is determined by the amount of commodities necessary to rehabilitate the laborer for the energy lost in production. As a definition this is purely arbitrary, and useless as far as the study of economics is concerned. As a statement of fact it is erroneous. Wages, according to Marx, are also determined by a haggling conflict between employer and employee. However the gist of his inferences is that the amount of wages is set. And "profit at the point of production" plus a lot of revolutionary phrases suggest that nothing short of "taking over the means of production" (meaning buildings, machinery, and such forms of capital) will ever abolish the exploitation of the masses. He infers that a "wages system" is prime face evidence of exploitation.

Although he stated that wages are determined by supply and demand, he failed to follow this by an analysis of the factors determining them. As wages are determined by the cost of production at the margin of production any handicap placed upon the marginal producer causes wages to become lower and commodity prices higher until the time when "overproduction," caused by a decrease of effective demand, and stagnation or business depression results, anything that raises the cost at the margin over the actual labor cost of production will be the cause of profit. Marx overlooked the fact that a tax on production was just one of these factors and that, insofar as competition is thus hampered, the rise in the money price of commodities and the lowering of the money rate of wages form a double means of greater exploitation of the wage earner. His considering labor as a commodity probably influenced this view. Every tax is ultimately paid by the consumer and insofar as the consumer is a producer a tax on production (or sale) is taken from that portion of value paid as wages.

So "taxation is not a workers' problem" is shown to be another favorite fallacy of Marxian dogma and is a direct corollary to Marx's unconscious adoption of Lasalle's "Iron Law of Wages." Wages, according to Marx, are determined by the cost of the means of subsistence. This appeared so self-evident as to need no demonstration. But in order to escape the obvious contradiction in actual fact exemplified by the watchmaker receiving as wages four times as much as the ditchdigger, he explained that the watchmaker's labor had four times the value of the ditchdigger's. How he obtained the factor of four remains a mystery unless we assume for value a definition at variance with Marx's own usage of the term and which index number he must have obtained under condition which preclude the existence of communism. In using such an index number what becomes of the metaphysical "homogeneous human labor?"

Marx's misleading fallacies are that "private property," competition, and the wages system are the cause of exploitation and capitalistic accumulation. While the truth is that private property, in the sense of a title to the products of one's labor, is a necessity to economic security, to independence, to responsibility in the care of wealth, to the justice of having benefit proportional to effort, to efficiency in production, to social harmony and doubtless for other reasons; that a wages system, meaning by wages the return one gets for effort expended, is the predominant part of any economic order, when, in fact, the real problem is to have everyone work for "wages" and maintaining a condition whereby only by labor can wages be acquired, that it by virtue of the competition that now exists, handicapped though it be by legal monopolies, that exploitation is not greater than it is, competition being the factor tending to keep prices down to the cost of production and minimizing "surplus-value." As to the expression "the abolition of the wage system" so vociferously proclaimed by communists, by no stretch of the imagination can it be made intelligible. Socialists of all shades of political belief agree that there are four principal ways to obtain an income—interest, profit, rent and wages—and seem to agree that the first three are illegitimate. Now it is proposed to abolish them all. Is it any wonder that all radicals must suffer the opinion of being "nuts" because of such absurdities? (We disagree with the opinions on property, wages and competition as expounded by Comrade Labadie.—Editor.)

REVOLUTIONS ACCORDING TO MARX

One very dangerous and misleading tent of Marxism is the belief of and faith in the efficacy of social cataclysms, called revolutions. It is assumed that their nicely divided historical epochs were marked by such cataclysms. Instead of an understanding of the comparative slowness of that progress that must come only by the growth of intelligence there is the belief that progress is the result of revolutions when, quoting Carlyle, "no revolution ever rises above the intellectual level of those who make it." It would be argued, hypercritically, by Marxians that revolutions are born and not made and this very position stupefies them into the attitude of waiting for "the revolution" to come so that they may reconstruct society presumably by inaugurating "the dictatorship of the proletariat," a huge state bureaucracy by which class society is supposed to be abolished and by which dictatorship is supposed to "with away" when class distinctions cease to exist. Who can so blissfully imagine bureaucrats voluntarily ceding sinecures? The truth is that Marx himself was not such a fool as to think this possible, nor did this authoritarian deem it desirable. This nonsense was appended to his program merely to placate followers with liberal

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*—His logic consists in reasoning in a circle.

THE PROCLAMATION of the CATALAN REPUBLIC

The accession to the government by Alexander Lerroux, associated with the clerico-fascist ministers, has caused a violent agitation throughout Spain. The advanced parties—revolutionary Republicans, Autonomists, Socialists, libertarian Syndicalists—have risen to a man to overthrow the reactionary government.

The struggle has been, and still is, fierce and bloody all over the country. But the most important area for the opposition has yielded to the central government forces on the first encounter.

Barcelona, the polar star of the movement went on a general strike on October 5, joined by the C. N. T., as soon as the news came that the Ministry of Lerroux was composed of the so-called "Workers' Alliance", which is the united front of the "Esquerra", the Communist Workers' and Peasants' Bloc, the non-conformist "libertarian Syndicalists", and the like.

The walkout, almost general on the 5, was complete on the following day, in a tense expectation of a storm.

A painful surprise, in such an electrified atmosphere, was brought about by the fact that the carpenters' Syndicate was surrounded by the Catalan police. The latter, supposed to join the people against the central government, was busy hunting for Anarchists and Syndicalists on pretext of preventing secret meetings. At the Syndicate club where some comrades had taken refuge, the police were greeted with petard explosions, which for the moment cooled off their zeal. By the time police reinforcements arrived, our comrades had escaped.

These episodes show one of the causes of the struggle's outcome. Where all energy and intelligence should have been directed against fascism, the police of the Catalonia autonomist government persecuted and arrested Catalan workingmen, the real strength apt to beat the common enemy. Between the 5th and the 6th more than 50 of our comrades were arrested. Many others escaped. Even neutral workmen were stopped, searched and insulted in the streets by the CATALAN police hounds.

On Saturday afternoon (Oct. 6) squadrons of armed men were seen coming out of the "Esquerra" and go to take position on terraces and balconies. Wasn't it, perchance, the prelude of a revolt? Not on your life! While the bulletins of the Workers' Alliance sang songs of victory, those armed men were busy searching everybody and breaking all assemblages. Even before the proclamation of the autonomous State of Catalonia, the bourgeois knaves were preparing a militarist organization. It was apparent that the Autonomists were arrayed against the suspected subversive element rather than thinking of fighting the central government.

All of a sudden, however, the president of the Generalidad, by the name of Luis Companys, proclaims, the evening of that Saturday, the "Catalan State," that is, the Catalan Republic in the federation of the Spanish republics. The crowd, drunken with nationalism, responds with prolonged applause.

Now, Luis Companys begs the aid of all the revolutionary forces, of all the anti-fascist parties! Luis Companys, the very same man who, till now had ordered a relentless, ferocious persecution against all anarchists and revolutionists in general! The praiser of the infamous Badia, the prevaricator, torturer and assassin, commander in chief of the bloody esbirros of Catalonia.

The "Catalan State" lasted less than 24 hours, not for lack of arms, but because the general staff of the troops failed

to adhere to the secession attempt and instead had the machine guns installed on the city hall square against thousands of men armed with all that is required to win a battle. Where was then the cowardly human monster, Badia?

However, several groups of determined secessionists battled the traitors splendidly. In many places barricades were erected, especially around the People's House, the club of the Socialist Party Youth, and other associations, which were riddled with machine gun bullets. All heroism was futile however, now that the enemy had been allowed time to prepare for the decisive struggle.

This way the Catalan troops prepared the victory for the central government, and the President of the "Catalan Republic" was compelled to give up. Many centers of the Esquerra left their fighting posts and arms. The "somatenes" (bourgeois volunteers) who are supreme in the art of assassinating a poor devil caught eating fruits on somebody else's farm, proved utterly cowardly in the presence of their skins' danger—at least 80 per cent of them.

Sunday (Oct. 7) was the most tragic day. The thundering of the cannon, the crackling of the machine guns were appalling. Armored autobuses, loaded with guards, rifle in hand ready to shoot, speeded thru secondary streets, and now and then a murderous volley was heard. The Red Cross ambulance, even though at terrific speed, could hardly cope with the situation, on account of the great number of dead and wounded.

Rifle shooting by the guards has been continuous in the prison area; but on Saturday afternoon a nucleus of hard-boiled rebels answered with some twenty minutes' revolver fire, which for a while silenced the enemy. At the same time other rebels advanced toward the police station on Sans street, causing the government forces to flee, thus having a chance

to unpave the street and erect a barricade. Deeds of really noble valor on the part of the rebels have been numerous, notwithstanding the non-support of the C. N. T. and F. A. I., many comrades having acted of their own accord.

The defeat of the Esquerra will weigh on the conscience of Luis Companys and his associates, that in three years' power did nothing but protect privilege, trample upon the most elemental liberties and increase the people's misery. That's one reason why they did not have the people on their side in the hour of need, nor obtained arms from the Generalidad. The latter didn't trust the Luis Companys crowd.

The C. N. T. and F. A. I. were not in the affray, because they wouldn't be commanded by the abject Badia, the torturer and murderer of our comrades. Neither would they join the Somatenes, the champions of the bourgeoisie, nor the Esquerra's rabble, that has always combatted the anarchists. Such incongruity would have been shameful indeed, altho they could of course, have acted independently just the same.

The first official list of casualties in this revolt shows 500 dead and 1500 wounded; but probably the number is much higher. Among the thousands of arrested, there is Angelo Pestagna.

Now Barcelona is calm and normal . . .

The third African Battalion savages, with their barbaric air of insolence, are bivouacking in front of the Municipie and Generalidad Buildings.

If there was a different understanding, human blood would not, perhaps, have flowed thru Barcelona streets, in vain.

Barcelona 10-10-'34.

Tranquillo

(L'Adunata dei Refrattari)

Facts and Comments

For the last forty years, the Clergy Pensions and Institute, an organization under the supervision of the Church of England, has owned some \$50,000 worth of stock in Vickers, Ltd., the largest armament company in Great Britain. Glory to God and Hallelujah to the Devil.

The kind of education administered at Cooper Union of New York can best be adjudged by the fact of J. P. Morgan distributing diplomas at this year's commencement exercises.

"The 15 men who trapped Dillinger and bushwhacked him, had sworn to observe the Bill of Rights, which guarantees that no man shall be executed without a trial . . ." contends Lee Taylor Tracy in The Rocky Mountain News.

Is this the first time that the Bill of Rights has been scrapped?

Mr. James Cagney is far from the great heroic figure in real life that he depicts in the films. When confronted with the charge of contributing towards the funds of the Communist movement he bluntly denied the charge, and naively admitted that no "star" can expect to coin profits and align himself with the "reds"! The other suspected "stars" revealed the same calibre of courage and sincerity. Lincoln Steffens, the chief Communist convertor of Hollywood's luminaries, likewise attempted a futile whitewash of Cagney.

No less than 919 miners lost their lives in the coal mines of this country during the first 11 months of 1933. The coal we use is very bloody, indeed. One wonders how much would the toll of human life have been for the same period—if we were unable to have made use of coal, and had to rely on the wood of the forests, as in the days of long ago?

It cost \$707,919,106 to run the city of New York for the year 1933. What a staggering amount of wealth wasted on the most useless and oppressive institution ever devised—Government! And so many "free citizens" allow themselves to be entrapped in perpetuating this reign by participating in electing the plunderers and oppressors! Ye gods of the Devil—for a Dante that could pen this panaramic earthly show of deceit.

A Federated Press dispatch from Rice Lake, Wisconsin, tells of third party workers learning that many farmers after failing to obtain feed for their cattle and horses from State and national authorities are "going anarchist," threatening direct action and hostility to all government. It's high time that the people should learn who their real enemy is, and how to fight it.

The federal government reported on May 1, 1934, a deficit of \$3,334,444,123, for ten months. Last year it was \$2,587,846,765 for the same period. The total debt at present is \$26,118,280,752. The people, as usual, will of course have to pay and pay—unless a revolution to end the reign of government comes about.

Walter T. Chandler of Atlanta, one of the seven members comprising the Code Authority, resigned in protest against the administration of the "new deal" for its "insincerity and vacillation."

"Masses Not Betrayed" is the heading over an editorial in the New York Times of July 28, 1934. It is written in defense of the (?) American Federation of Labor officials.

Cities Service company "earned" in 1933 the sum of \$59,784,932. What a consolation for all those whom the same company robbed of the last cent in order to pile up such profits for its shark-stockholders!

The Federal Trade Commission was attempting to trace \$230,000 fees that the Utilities Power and Light company of Chicago paid out in 1928. It suspects that it was really used to lobbying (bribing "law" framers) to prevent harmful legislation that may cut down its profits.

The Washington Monument by the Potomac has been

given a bath by the PWA at a cost of \$100,000.

Thus capitalism is attempting to solve the needs of millions of people.

Banks, Trust companies and railroads obtained \$108,423,000 out of a total disbursement of \$188,826,666 by the Reconstruction Finance corporation in the month of August of this year. The amount that the workers received is left for the workers to figure out.

The "love" and "support" that the people of Italy have for Benito Mussolini was fully attested to in the arrest of hundreds of political suspects at Milan—where the "duce" was scheduled to speak in October.

The over-played contemplated war by Japan upon the "proletarian" government of Russia came to an end on October 5, when the Russian rulers agreed to accept Manchukuo's offer of 170,000,000 yen for the Chinese Eastern railway.

On the same day a wireless to the New York Times stated all "former czarist police officials, small employers and ex-clergyman will regain their right to 'citizenship'." No mention was made of the thousands of imprisoned and exiled Socialists, Social Revolutionists, Communists and Anarchists. All these sincere revolutionists will continue in golgotha.

Harry F. Sawell, Superior Court Judge of Los Angeles and a candidate for re-election, was arrested on a warrant issued by a lunacy commission. He is accused of drinking from one to two pints of gin daily.

The assassinated King Alexander left a fortune valued at \$10,000,000. He garnered this from his yearly "wage" of \$1,000,000—robbed of the people he reigned over.

In his fight for the dissemination of birth control knowledge before the House of Bishops, Rev. B. Brewster asserted that there were from one to two million abortions performed yearly in the United States, resulting in the deaths of from 15,000 to 30,000 mothers and about 30,000 children.

Flogging of prisoners as a remedy for preventing prison riots was advocated by Supreme Court Justice of New York L. L. Fawcett. And what punishment ought to be meted out to those responsible for creating conditions that lead people to commit crimes?

The Philadelphia Inquirer asserts that "our" government has already sold 17 "junked warships" for \$200,000 to Japan, who in turn is using this in the manufacture of munitions-metal. Another most consoling event for "our" boys who will be foolish enough to participate in a possible forthcoming war with Japan: to be murdered by the aid of your own government.

There were 300,000 families left fatherless by all the wars this country ever engaged in. In April, 1934, there were 4,700,000 families left destitute by unemployment.

In Braddock, Pa., 74.5 per cent of the children (of steel workers) were found to suffer from starvation. Dr. Hamill, of the Philadelphia Health Society, claims that "not less than 50 per cent of Pennsylvania's children are suffering from some form of illness or physical defect."

There were 19,000,000 people on relief in April, 1934.

Stock market firms made \$1,502,000,000 on commissions from 1928 to 1933.

The new deal regime paid out to farmers in 1933 the sum of \$131,000,000 in order to curtail various crops. Thus more than 30 million human beings affected by the depression were cheated out of the right to consume what nature and man could have produced for the use of all these needy people. A system of society that does this has no right to survive a single day—and the sooner rebellion again: it sets in—that much sooner will a real change for the better come about.

Bert Hillside

Some Reflections on Marxian Economics

(Continued from Page Two)

tendencies. However all this parades under the imposing banner of "scientific socialism." Meanwhile exploitation continues with no effective steps taken to ameliorate economic conditions by a slow, sure, and intelligent advance toward economic freedom and independence. Indeed, anyone attempting to do so is dubbed a "reformer" by the followers of the one true gospel. The attitude of waiting for "historical necessity" should surely culminate into a period of violence.

A FINAL WORD

Marx has the typical characteristic of the German of confounding and making confused the simplest and plainest truths, thereby making his mental processes take on the aspect of profundity. The understandable and true observations interspersed throughout his works add to the impression received by uncritical readers that his whole works are a collection of profound sociological erudition, when in reality, they are largely plain facts and obvious errors tortured and woven into semi-understandable chapters. The faithful Marxian would probably reply that Marx is too deep for the average intelligence and that his works require great and extended study, which observation implies a faith that, after all, his linguistic agonies must be true if one can but understand them. This supposition, unfortunately, has just the reverse effect, that of understanding his confusion, which, coupled with his dogmatic egotism, loses for him respect from intelligent readers and but gathers a horde of ignorant but suffering persons with little more than the faith in their champion.

In my estimation, his mistakes are the most potent force for misleading radicals. It is difficult to find anyone in the revolutionary movement that is not tainted with one or more of his errors. As it is often said that Marx turned the Hegelian philosophy upside down, so also must many of his conclusions be exactly reversed in order to form a correct idea of the causes and nature of exploitation and the means of its riddance. His choice of definitions, his dogmatic assumptions, and the fallacious reasoning in which he sometimes indulged make him a fit subject for very wary and critical reading. However there are many aspects in which his point of view, even with its exaggerations and faulty inferences, present certain characteristics of "capitalism" which appear in few other analyses, the most notable of which is his method of historically approaching and explaining economic and social phenomena. In this he was truly scientific.

Laurence Labadie

THE INDUSTRIAL AGE and SOCIAL PLANS . . . Marcus Graham

There can be but little doubt that the present age is witnessing changes of political and social significance that were held unthinkable a generation or a score of years ago.

The sweeping march of the industrial age has brought on quickening changes between country and country. The prime motive of this sweeping march has been, and still is, PROFITS. And in this scramble for more and more profits between the exploiters of mankind, the Governments of every country have been the chief fomentors and executors of whatever violence and murder had to be employed from time to time in order to safeguard the wealth thus garnered. Thus mankind found itself embroiled over and over again in wars. There has not been a single war ever fought that did not have for its background the profit motive. Behind the fluttering of the flag of every country stands an army prepared to murder on wholesale scale in order to safeguard TRADE and COMMERCE.

So fast has the march of industrialization of mankind been going on that the fight for markets is almost exhausted. As a result, the hesitancy revealed by Exploiters and their Governments to begin wars. It is this crisis in the non-profitable wars that has brought on the ECONOMIC CRISIS in every part of the world.

Thus is being witnessed in country after country, the multitudes starving amidst a world of plenty. For the industrialization of industries has (not taking at all into account the huge toll of dead and crippled that it costs during every day of activity) succeeded in aiding mankind to make it possible to create ample commodities and necessities of life for all human beings. The exploiters refuse to release the Stolen and Robbed Wealth of the people. Likewise they refuse to let the people open up the closed factories and to work the unused productive land. All that the exploiters are willing to do is to devise any kind of scheme by which they may continue in safety to exploit and profit from the toil of the masses.

Benito Mussolini with his corporate State has officially superseded the exploiters of Italy. Yet every impartial observer who has been there knows that it is the exploiting class that is the sole beneficiary of the country, just as it was before Mussolini. In Germany, where Adolf Hitler reigns by virtue of shameless murder, it is commonly known that he and his State are but the servants of the Thyssens and Krupps, and the rest of the exploiting class. In Great Britain where the erstwhile Socialist Ramsey MacDonald is at the helm of the State, every conceivable means is being employed to further and perpetuate the exploitation of the people in Great Britain and its subjective colonies. And so

it goes on in every country of Europe as it does also on this side of the Atlantic.

In this country much ink has already been spilled upon the New Deal instituted by Franklin D. Roosevelt. Yet, for all the Charity that he has given to over twenty million needy persons, the needy ones remain as much now in need as ever before. It couldn't be otherwise since Mr. Roosevelt and his associates are repeating over and over again that they haven't the least intention of abolishing the Profit Motive in America, but only plan to aid, by virtue of governmental legislation, in having the robbed and deprived ones supplied with food and shelter.

The attacks that are being made against the New Deal by such unscrupulous people as embrace the newly organized Liberty League and by Herbert Hoover, may of course prove a great aid in making the people imagine that the New Deal is something worth while. Yet, if these reactionaries and tools of the merciless exploiters had been a bit wiser they would rally to the New Deal promulgated by Mr. Roosevelt, since it offers to protect and perpetuate the present profit system via governmental channels.

So we witness how in every part of the world it is the institution of Government which is proving itself the most formidable weapon by and through which the exploiters of mankind are attempting to save their system from utter collapse and extinction.

It was ever the anarchist theoreticians, from the days of William Godwin and Michael Bakunin, who foresaw this threatening danger of the growing power of the State. The theoreticians of Socialism, such as Karl Marx and August Bebel, by adopting parliamentary action to capture the State, have contributed more than any other known force in misleading the masses throughout the world to perpetuate this greatest of all frauds—the institution of Government.

The economic crisis that has swept the present order everywhere has brought forward manifold plans that claim to be all sufficient in curing the evils that mankind is suffering from. This in itself is very encouraging, even when one must assume a critical attitude towards these newly proposed roads from a genuine libertarian point of view. It shows that people no longer trust to leaders and politicians, government officials, or religious spokesmen. They are prodding themselves for a solution just at a time when (and for that very reason) the State is attempting to maintain and perpetuate through its organs the STATUS QUO for the benefit of the exploiting class.

The Technocrats aim at turning mankind into a mass of figures without taking into consideration that every mass is composed of individuals. They are only differing from the

Marxian-statists in wishing to relegate the reigns of the State to the scientists, instead of to the Socialists. Their chief aim, like that of the Marxists, is for mass production, mass culture, and mass life. The individual as such is to disappear. Everyone is to live according to the dictates of the Scientist State.

The Utopians embrace Technocracy plus its avowed nationalistic chauvenism of the worst form. He who refuses to secretly swear allegiance to the flag of this country in preference to that of all other countries or no flag at all has no right to live in a society ruled by Utopians.

The Social Credit plan of issuing \$5000 yearly drafts and then reorganizing life according to the needs of the people also embraces the central idea of Technocracy.

There is really no reason at all for the above three plans to remain separate. It only tends to weaken all three of them. They attack most ably the present order. They aim each alike to have the State function as the sole controlling power and dispenser of their plans.

Whether any of these three plans when materialized would prove compatible with the principles of Justice and Freedom, without which no society can lay claim to any justification for its right to existence, becomes the chief issue to be considered.

So long as the people will prove willing to maintain an industrial system of life, such a system will in turn require the need of a Check, Draft, or Monetary system for its upkeep. In turn this will require an administrative force which will become the new Governmental Body to rule over the people. Socialist or Communist, Technocrat, Utopian or Social Creditor—all and all of these are subjected to such a destiny, since that is what they must lead to.

As it appears to me, the gravest of dangers for mankind lies in the continued immense growth of industrialization of life to the point where the individual loses more and more of his significance as a self-reliant, self-creative and self-ingenuitive human being.

The DECENTRALIZATION of every CENTRALIZED power and activity is the only safe assurance for the building up of a true and free society.

The choice before mankind is between the road of natural growth into a free society by voluntary experimentation between individuals and groups, or the compulsory, ordained life through the decrees of the politician or scientist, either of them ruling over other subjected people, while also living upon and at the expense of the people's toil.

Those who hope and aim at a really free society ought to be able to perceive which of the two roads will and can prove most conducive toward the life and happiness of all mankind.

CURRENT EVENTS and their SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE

(Continued from Page One)

millions loaned by it, more than eighty per cent went into the pockets of the Bankers, Railroad magnates, and every other exploiter of the country. And who else but the people will be made to pay in the form of taxation, exploitation, and deprivation for all these loans to the exploiters?

No doubt new "leaders" and parties will begin to make their appearance, bidding for support as the new saviours of the people. Mr. Roosevelt may even stage other comeback traps to mislead the populace. And we are forced to ask: Will the people ever learn that Justice, Truth and Freedom never have nor ever can be achieved at the hands of any ruler or party, but must be fought for over the heads of every politician and political party?

There is no greater power on earth than the will of the people, if they but realize this and begin to act for themselves. Only then will they free themselves from exploitation and rulership of every form.

Assassination the Order of the Day

The person who killed King Alexander, Louis Barthou, the interior minister of France, and other officials, and was in turn killed on the spot, was no doubt a national revolutionist. When he undertook the mission of killing Alexander he knew that his own life was in jeopardy. Vlada Georgieff Tchernozensky was prompted to his act by the misdeeds of King Alexander towards Macedonians whom he ordered killed and jailed. All the hypocritical wailings of the press cannot hide this hideous fact. The thousands of living victims in the jails of Yugoslavia attest to this.

Louis Barthou was also very far from the great peace lover that the corrupt press wishes the world to believe he was. In the last world war Barthou was one of the most ruthless "patriots" in aiding in the murder of hundreds of thousands of French people, in the interests of the exploiters of France. He, no less than King Alexander, had no sincere motive for genuine peace among the human race. The France which became known to the world as the mother of liberty and justice, has long ago, even before the world war, assumed the role of the most unscrupulous mercenary prostitute of the world. It was this Madame France that Louis Barthou truly represented. As such he paraded himself with the infamous assassin, King Alexander.

What the misrulers of life have sowed, they are now beginning to reap. They have no one to blame but themselves and the reign they attempt to perpetuate. Assassination becomes thus the order of the day.

The aftermath of their death has again raised the possibility of a new world war. But all the rulers of the world from the policeman upwards cannot carry on a war unless they can fool the people into believing that such a war is to their interest. If war should therefore be declared by the "statesmen" (who order but never fight in wars), it ought to be answered by the oppressed throughout every part of the globe by open rebellion, insurrection, and revolution against every reigning rulership that supports itself by the exploita-

tion and suffering of the multitudes. Only in such a social war will the people have any well founded reason to participate, and die, if need be.

The Evils of Organization

The convention of the American Federation of Labor in San Francisco has borne out everything said by us in the last issue.

A representative of "God" prayed for and rendered "heavenly" benediction upon the mis-leaders of credulous labor. Mayor Rossi of San Francisco, the man responsible for the killing, maiming, and the jailing of workers in the recent marine workers' strike, and also the chief tool in defeating the sympathy General Strike, delivered greetings to the "right kind" of labor leaders. Mr. Hayes, head of the vicious Fascist American Legion Murder Brigade, likewise brought greetings from his organizations, also offering to co-operate in ferreting out the menacing "radicals" who threaten to undermine the present system under which such sharks as ministers of the gospel, mayors, labor leaders, and "commanders," may no longer be able to thrive in safety and at ease. To top the show of deceit towards the true interests of the workers, Mr. Green (chief Judas of labor mis-leaders), assumed the role of a spy by the reading of a report that he had forwarded to the President of American Capitalism's Government wherein the radicals and liberals (as the American Civil Liberties Union) are branded as the subversive elements that threaten to end the reign of the present disorder of life.

Aside from banqueting and sightseeing, the labor mis-leaders were forced to take notice of Negroes parading outside the convention hall protesting the discrimination of many unions towards their race. Within, the spokesman of the Negroes, Mr. Randolph, fought in vain for an investigation of this fact, openly known to many. The "executive" was entrusted to bring in a report of their findings to next year's confab.

The issue of industrial unionism was solved in a manner befitting of the character of these mis-leaders. The craft unions, with their scores upon scores of well paying jobs to officials and open scabbing of trade upon trade in the very same industry, was given a new lease on life. The automobile and textile industries that have of late grown to huge proportions upon a more or less industrial basis, were "granted" the right to organize industrially.

The more militant element at the convention fought also for increasing the executives to 25. A compromise upon 18 was agreed only after the reigning clique was promised bloc-votes from all the "militants" in their re-election as A. F. of L. officers.

No clear-cut demand for the rights of workers to the full product of their labor was heard. Nor was there even a clear-cut demand made to feed, to clothe, and to house over thirty million people now suffering privation caused by a system of injustice wherein the machine has replaced man to the benefit of the exploiters only. A demand for a thirty-hour week and higher wages was as far as these mis-leaders

could dare themselves to go, not wanting to realize that these are no solutions worthy of any sincere thinking person to the evils from which the people now suffer.

The evils of organization were never so bluntly brought to light as they were in the deliberations of this last convention of the A. F. of L. Organization serves very well the interests of the organizers but not that of the exploited.

Once again were vindicated our reasons for the anti-organization stand we take. As we see it, it is only when the toilers awaken to a realization of their own inherent strength and power, as well as their right to own and to consume what they are able to produce, that they will begin to rise in Strikes and General Strikes, Insurrections, Rebellions, and finally terminating in the Social Revolution for the complete overthrow of the present chaotic disorder of life with all its supporting tools, including that of the mis-leaders of labor.

The Future Existence of MAN!

We are now about to enter the third year of our existence with less certainty of being able to continue at all than we were two years, or a year ago. The economic crisis, instead of lessening, is on the up-grade. The Clarion, Freedom, and Vanguard have long ago suspended publication. MAN! is now left as the only printed English Anarchist journal in this country.

Hundreds of Comrades have been doing their share in making possible the appearance of MAN! for the last two years. These are no doubt willing to continue in aiding our efforts. There are, though, hundreds of readers to whom we have extended the courtesy of credit ever since our inception, and who have so far not contributed anything towards the upkeep of the journal. It is of these readers that we are now asking to come forward to do their share, if they wish to continue receiving MAN!, and if not able to pay, just now, to request us to continue sending the paper.

We think that a journal such as MAN! is now more needed than ever before. If you, the readers, think likewise, NOW is the time to respond. The future existence of MAN! is left in your hands.

MAN!

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Editor, Marcus Graham

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MAN! invites the collaboration of all workers and artists who are in sympathy with our ideas to send us essays, prose, poems, and drawings. No payment can be made. Where return of manuscripts is desired sufficient postage should be included.

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MAN!

P. O. Box 115, San Francisco, California, U. S. A.

THE CHICAGO BOMB CASE*

SAMUEL P. McCONNELL

(Personal Recollections of an American Tragedy)

I had been living in Chicago and for fourteen years engaged in the practice of law. On the night of May 4, 1886, I had with my wife attended a theater, and at about half-past ten we were on our way home, riding in a Madison Street car. When the car was between Canal and Union Streets we were startled by an explosion which seemed to be louder than that of a gun, but as we had no explanation we were not alarmed.

The next morning we read in the newspaper that at about 10:30 p. m. a bomb had been thrown into a squadron of police and that seven had been killed and many wounded. We knew then the source of the explosion we had heard. I was downtown early and found everyone I met greatly excited. The general opinion prevailed that there had been planned an uprising of anarchists and that no one was safe. It is no exaggeration to say that there was a reign of terror during the early part of the day. As, however, nothing happened, the feeling of fright faded away into a conviction that, while revolution and a reign of terror had been planned by the anarchists, the authorities had it checked.

It was several weeks, however, before the fright and hysteria subsided. There was left a conviction that person and property would not be secure until the anarchists who had been responsible for the murder of the policemen were apprehended and hanged. No one seemed to doubt that there was a large organization back of the bomb throwing, with a design to overturn the government and destroy the lives and property of the well-to-do. I think that during that day I shared in the general hysteria, though I am glad to remember that I was not frightened. I think, however, I was for several days under the impression that we were in great peril.

I lived at that time in a house opposite that of the Honorable Carter H. Harrison, the mayor of the city, with whom I was intimately acquainted. He was very much engaged after the night of May 4th, and it was not for several days that I had a chance to talk with him. When I did see and talk with him he dispelled all my fears. He scouted the idea that there was any anarchist organization threatening the lives and property of the citizens. He told me that he knew that a meeting had been called of those in sympathy with the strikers at the McCormick factory, and that the meeting was to be at Haymarket Square. He knew, he said, that there had been trouble at the factory, and that the police had treated the strikers roughly and had used their revolvers, and that some strikers had been wounded. He said he had been afraid that there would be incendiary speeches made at the meeting and that trouble might follow.

He had instructed the chief of police to have a squadron of police at the Union Street Station, two or three blocks from Haymarket Square, as he could not be sure that the sympathizers might not be excited and get disorderly. He decided to attend the meeting. He told me that the crowd did not exceed a thousand and that there was no undue excitement; that he listened to the speeches and discovered nothing objectionable in them, and that he remained there until the crowd began to disperse. From the meeting he went to the Union Street Police Station, where Captain Bonfield was waiting, and told him that the meeting had been peaceful and that the crowd was dispersing.

Shortly after the mayor had left the station someone came running in, saying that there was a fight at the Haymarket. Captain Bonfield immediately called out the squadron of police and started with it to the square. Just before they reached the square someone—forever unknown—hurled a bomb at the policemen, resulting in the death of seven of them and injuring more.

I asked Mr. Harrison if he believed that the bomb was a prelude to an insurrection or in obedience to any plot of anarchists or socialists. He scouted the idea and said the bomb thrower was a madman or a lunatic.

I inquired whether there was any organization in the city plotting a movement against organized society. He was irritated by that question and answered, "Don't you know I am mayor, that I am head of the police force, that it is my duty to guard the citizens against all dangerous movements? I have attended all the meetings of these fellows. I have read all their papers and I know that, while some of them talk like damn fools, they are not plotters. They like to hear themselves talk. They fancy themselves orators; but they are not a bad lot really." I think I have given the gist of my talk with Mayor Harrison. I had other talks with him on many matters. As to the Haymarket murder, he never changed his mind.

Carter H. Harrison was a graduate of Yale; he came of an old and very prominent American family, he was a man of large means and, of course, had no sympathy whatever with any movement such as was imputed to anarchists, socialists, or communists. He approached the character of a great man, perhaps was one.

After the Haymarket murder the prosecuting attorney became very active in an attempt to discover the bomb thrower and the accessories to the terrible crime. He and his assistants could not find the bomb thrower; they could not find his associates; they could not find anything whatever about him. The police and the prosecutor could not be-

lieve that he had acted alone, though they might have reflected that if he had had accessories there would have been more than one bomb, and that other bombs would have been found in the possession of some of those who attended the



Our Chicago Martyrs: November 11, 1887

meeting. None was discovered. Though the theory was entertained that a great uprising had been intended, the only bomb in all the crowd was the one thrown by the unknown madman.

But something had to be done; somebody must be punished; revolution and anarchy must be stopped. It was generally assumed that there was a conspiracy which had led to this atrocious murder. The police and the prosecuting attorney must do something to allay the fright of the citizens.

I do not know who was responsible, but the theory was adopted that the bomb thrower, if not assisted by others, must have been advised by others to make the bomb, and when a good time came to use it to kill a few policemen and begin the regeneration of society. It was, of course, imputing idiocy to those who might have so advised, but that could be overlooked.

The police, therefore, arrested eight men who had written or spoken against the present structure of society, condemned capitalism, and denounced the police. These men were August Spies, Michael Schwab, Samuel Fielden, Adolph Fischer, George Engel, Oscar Neebe, Louis Ling, and Albert Parsons.

Papers were found and speeches reported that some of the eight men had made which seemed rather incendiary. Anyway, they seemed to the police and the prosecuting attorney provocative to the killing of policemen whenever a chance to shoot them occurred. That was the theory adopted by the prosecuting attorney. (Parsons, one of the men indicted, attended the Haymarket meeting with his wife and children.)

This was a good theory and the only difficulty was to show that the miscreant who threw the bomb had ever read any of the writings or heard any of the speeches of the men whom the police had thrown into jail and whom the prosecuting attorney had induced the Grand Jury to indict.

I presume it must have been thought in the State Attorney's office that it would not be hard to convince a jury considering the state of public opinion, that this fellow must have read some of these papers and heard some of these speeches. The failure to find out who he was was a severe handicap, but with a pliant judge and a frightened jury the prosecutor saw his way to getting these men hanged.

The State's Attorney, Julius S. Grinnell, was an absolutely honest man and, being so, was unsuspecting. He had on his staff, as his principal assistant, a man who had no conscience whatever. I knew this man and discovered him to be what I have just said. I am not guessing about his character. He worked with the police to get the testimony to go before the jury and he worked tirelessly and unscrupulously. Before I knew him to be a scoundrel I heard him claim credit for the verdict which convicted the eight men.

The case came on for trial before Honorable Joseph E. Gary of the Superior Court. I knew him well. Gary was an honest man, as honest as Grinnell of whom I have spoken. He was not learned, he was not a student. He took the world

lightheartedly. I heard him say that he never worked after five o'clock and never thought of a case except when it was being presented. One day some years later I was calling on him at his house (I also was a judge then) and I noticed he was chewing tobacco and that he did not use a spittoon. I wondered and asked him why. He said, "Why, I swallow it and have for many years." He lived to be eighty-five. Judge Gary in the summer frequently visited a Clark Street saloon. He would order a glass of beer, blow the foam off it and then ask the bartender to fill the glass. He and the bartender enjoyed the joke.

For a time he held court across an alley from the building in which the Appellate Court convened. When a ruling was criticized he would say, "Oh, take it across the alley." Later, when the Appellate Court was located in the Opera House, he would say to the defeated and protesting attorney, "Oh, take it to the opera." Plainly, he had a sense of humor, a redeeming quality.

When the case was called, and before the jury was empaneled, a motion by the defendants' attorneys for separate trials for the defendants was made, but the motion was not only promptly but brusquely overruled. There has never been a case which so plainly demanded separate trials for the defendants as did this one. If it had been granted, not a single one of the defendants would have been convicted, as will appear from what I shall shortly relate.

But it would have taken a long time to give each man a separate trial, and Gary considered that speed was essential. It has been charged that the jury was selected for conviction by the bailiffs, but I doubt that because it certainly was unnecessary. Any jury, considering the state of public opinion and Judge Gary's rulings and instructions, would have convicted the defendants.

Among the indicted men, as I have already said, was Albert R. Parsons. Although he had been diligently sought by the police, he had not been found. The case was called on June 21, 1886.

The judge was on the bench, the talesmen were waiting, the prosecuting attorney had risen to begin his presentation of the State's case before he began examination of the men summoned as jurors, when there walked down the aisle a man who approached Captain Black, the defendants' leading council, shook hands with him, and then took his seat among the defendants. Captain Black announced to the court the appearance of Parsons, and accepted without objection all the proceedings of the court but desired to plead guilty for his client. Parsons was the only one of the defendants who had a wife and children and he, therefore, hazarded more. His appearance created a great sensation not only in the court but throughout the city.

I attended the trial almost every day and read every word of the testimony. My father-in-law, the Honorable John C. Rogers, Chief Justice of the Circuit Court, lived only half a block from my house and I saw him almost every day during the trial and went over the testimony with him.

Each of the defendants had three peremptory challenges in the selection of the jury. They had, of course, the right to challenge for cause. Judge Gary was very rigid in his rulings as to cause, holding that even if a talesman said that he had an opinion regarding guilt or innocence of the defendants, he was acceptable if he said he could change it if the testimony justified. That ruling is against human experience. Opinions are not formed by thought, but by impression. In my experience a jurymen never changes his opinion. He is always true to the type of Goldsmith's parson. The defendants, by Gary's rulings, were forced to use their peremptory challenges to get rid of prejudiced men, and they were soon exhausted.

From the first we were critical of Judge Gary. Neither Judge Rogers nor I liked his rulings nor his conduct. I never was in the courtroom during the trial when he did not have on the bench sitting with him, or near him, three to five women. He seemed to treat the affair as a Roman holiday and so did the women, and the thumbs were all down from the start. One day my wife sat on the bench and Gary showed her a puzzle. When I heard of this I was shocked at his levity, with eight men sitting there in dire peril of their lives, certain to die if he continued to rule every motion against them as he did. Judge Rogers agreed with me that Gary was making new law and ignoring every rule of law which was designed to assure a fair trial for a defendant on trial for his life.

When testimony was introduced showing that Spies had written violent abuse of the police, the defendants' attorney objected that what Spies wrote should not be considered against Parsons and the others. The judge then would instruct the jury that what was proved against Spies should be ignored by the jury in considering the other men. Then a violent speech was reported to have been made by Parsons. The judge generously instructed the jury that in considering the others' defense they should ignore what Parsons had said. And so the case went on this way. The eight men

were sitting together and had the same attorneys; how could a frightened jury discriminate, even when so admonished by the judge?

In his closing address the prosecuting attorney shouted to the jury, "Anarchy here is on trial. Do your duty, gentlemen!" The court did not reprove the prosecutor or remind the jury that the defendants were on trial for the murder of Patrick Degan, and not for anarchy.

I have just mentioned the fact that the same attorneys appeared for all the eight. There were two of these attorneys; one of them had just been admitted to the bar. Neither had ever tried a criminal case before and neither had a decided personality.

I have always known that had these men on trial been represented by William Forrest, Clarence Darrow, or Martin Littleton, there would have been no conviction. Both Judge Rogers and I were shocked at the instruction finally given by the court.

Though no scrap of testimony had been introduced to show even the slightest connection between any of the defendants and the assassin, or that any of them had ever seen or heard of him or he of them, the jury was allowed to guess that the terrible crime had been committed because of something they had said or written. The reader must bear in mind in reading this article that at the time, and in all the forty-seven years since then, there had not developed the slightest evidence of the identity of the bomb thrower.

The inevitable followed and seven of the defendants were convicted and sentenced in due course to be hanged. For some obscure reason one of the defendants, Oscar Neebe, was only given fifteen years in the penitentiary.

Every principle and precedent of Anglo-Saxon law was outraged by the rulings of Judge Gary, and he so confessed in the remarks he made when overruling the motion for a new trial. He said, "This case is without precedent. There is no example in the law books of a case of this sort." He manufactured the law and disdained precedent in order that a frightened public might be made to feel secure.

I want to be frank enough to admit that the hanging of these men did do away with the hysteria which had pervaded the body of the people. And, aside from the injustice of such an occurrence, perhaps it did not matter who was hanged provided the public was satisfied.

An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court of Illinois, the same attorneys representing the condemned men, and after six months the verdict of the trial court was affirmed.

Why that Court took so long it is hard to understand. Except one, the men upon it were all from the country towns and there was not a big man among them. I knew that one of the judges said afterward that he had made a mistake in agreeing to affirm the verdict. All of these judges have gone long ago to meet, I hope, the Greater Judge. They ignored the major questions involved in the case. I do not know how well the case was presented and, knowing as I did the lawyers who represented the condemned men, I doubt whether the court had the questions involved properly or luminously presented. I forgave Judge Gary for his rulings. He was the victim of public opinion.

I remember that I was with Judge Rogers at his country place in Michigan when news came that the Supreme Court had affirmed the action of the lower court. He was as much shocked as I. We had both felt certain that the verdict would be reversed.

Of the decision of the Supreme Court, William Dean Howells in a letter to the New York Times, November 4, 1887, said:

"The Supreme Court simply affirmed the legality of the forms under which the Chicago court proceeded; it did not affirm the propriety of trying for murder men fairly indictable for conspiracy alone; and it by no means approved the principle of punishing them because of their frantic opinions, for a crime which they were not shown to have committed. The justice or injustice of their sentence was not before the highest tribunal of our law, and unhappily could not be got there. That question must remain for history, which judges the judgments of courts, to deal with; and I, for one, cannot doubt what the decision of history will be."

When I was dining with Howells in Chicago during the World's Fair, he said, speaking of the case, "In all history men with such long and solemn deliberation with the forms of law have never committed such a tragic error."

Some weeks before the date set for the execution of the seven men I determined to see what I could do to secure a commutation of the sentence of these men. To accomplish this I drafted a petition to the governor, then Richard J. Oglesby, praying for a commutation of the sentence; and then I started to solicit signatures. Almost the first signature I obtained was that of Lyman Trumbull, who had been a judge of the Illinois Supreme Court and eighteen years a United States Senator. I remember my interview with him. He read the petition, then buried his face in his hands and said, "I will sign. Those men did not have a fair trial."

I secured also the signatures of Henry D. Lloyd, William Salter, William C. Goudy, the leader of the Chicago Bar, Stephen S. Gregory, later president of the American Bar Association, Murray F. Tuley, then the Chief Justice of the Circuit Court (succeeding Judge Rogers, deceased), and Thomas Moran, one of the judges of the Appellate Court. We got a good many other signatures, among them, as I remember, that of Lyman Gage, later Secretary of the Treasury. I remember that Melville W. Fuller, afterward Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, very curtly refused to sign.

Notwithstanding my activity in this anarchist case, I was selected by a bar primary, in less than three years from the date of the Haymarket murders, as its candidate for a judgeship on the bench of the Circuit Court. There were five other candidates, but I received more votes than all the others combined. I was the only one of them who had criticized the trial of the so-called anarchists. I had no superior qualifications and was the youngest of them all. I mention this not from conceit but because I think it indicated that the people of the country had already begun to feel that I was right in my intervention in favor of the men condemned by Judge Gary and the jury.

A few days before the date set for the execution of the seven men, Henry D. Lloyd, William Salter, and I went to Springfield to present the petition to Governor Oglesby.

During the forenoon of that day I met Captain Black in one of the halls of the State House. He had been watching for me.

He said, "I want to talk with you, McConnell. I have heard that you are to have an interview with the Governor this afternoon. Won't you do what you can for Parsons? If he is hanged I shall be responsible for his death. He was safely away and I advised him to come back and enter his appearance. I thought that would save him and I thought it would help the others. It was a great blunder. I have blundered, McConnell, clear through. Those men, all of them, were innocent and I failed to save them. None of them ever dreamed of murder. None of them ever dreamed of revolution. They were just like Parsons, dreamers, and, unfortunately, some of them were talkers. They liked to talk. I believed too much in the court. I never suspected that new law would be made in order to convict the indicted men. But, oh God, I have blundered clear through! Their conviction and their execution if it happens will be on my shoulders and will always be on my heart. I should never have taken the case. It was not in my line and I have ruined the firm and my family. But do all you can for Parsons. I got him back. I ought not to have done so."

He was shedding tears and part of the time his talk was broken with sobs. I promised that I would call the Governor's attention to Parsons' voluntary appearance in court, but I said that I did not see how in other respects his case differed from that of the others.

Of course it was a great blunder on Captain Black's part to advise Parsons to return when he did, for if he had waited until the jury had been impaneled and then had had Parsons return, Parsons could have secured a separate trial and, as I have already said, any one of them tried separately could not have been convicted. Black's blunders, which were quite apparent, were due, I think, entirely to the fact that he had allowed his sentiment to influence his conduct of the case. He was extremely conscientious, deeply devoted to the cause of his clients, too trusting, and not a good fighter. Year after year he visited the graves of the men whose lives had been taken by the law and became more or less associated with the societies to which these men had belonged. As a matter of fact, business men ceased to patronize his firm. It was a sort of boycott. Black died a poor man and his partner ended his life in a charity hospital.

Governor Oglesby promptly gave Lloyd, Salter, and me an audience. Lloyd read a long and eloquent paper reciting the many instances of police brutality in dealing with the strikers at different periods before and in connection with the lockout at the McCormick factory. It was plain that the Governor thought that Lloyd was finding or suggesting a justification for the bomb throwing. Salter followed, pleading mercy as a good policy. I followed, saying that Judges Trumbull, Tuley, Moran, and the other petitioners constituted a better tribunal than that of the court and jury who had found the men guilty in a time of terror and excitement.

The Governor gave us profound attention and we believed we had made a strong impression. He told us that he had agreed to receive and listen to the personal representatives of the condemned men and invited us to remain and listen to their pleas. Each of the men under sentence of death had a representative. I can never forget the scene and the occasion, as it was one of the most impressive and dramatic of my long life. It seemed to me that the men were there in person. I was particularly impressed by what was contained in Spies' paper. As I remember, he said, "I am not guilty of murder. I am not guilty of any crime. I am guilty of a deep desire to help humanity, particularly to help the working classes. If I could, I would sacrifice my life for the others who have been convicted with me and I beg your Excellency to save the others and let me go to the gallows. I am not asking for mercy. I am only asking for justice, and if Your Excellency cannot see that I want to be pardoned only because I am not guilty of the crime which is charged against me, then let me be hanged, but I beg you to save the others."

Some of the men had prepared papers which were read by their representatives. They were strong and lucid. There was no plea for mercy. All denied guilt and demanded justice. Not one of the representatives asked for clemency; they plainly had been so instructed. I felt that they were cutting off their last chance. It had been intimated—how that was known I cannot tell—that the Governor was inclined to commute the sentence of Parsons if he would make a plea for mercy; but this Parsons would not do, and in the paper read for him and which he had written there was not one word in which he asked for mercy or for pity. He strenuously demanded justice.

It was certain that the Governor could not overrule the findings of the court and jury. It was in his province to save their lives as an act of mercy, but it was not for him to declare them innocent. I felt that they were stepping on the gallows vainly denying their guilt. I was deeply affected and so was the Governor. So also were Lloyd and Salter. I do not believe that in all my life I ever saw so sad a face as that of Governor Oglesby.

A gruesome thing then happened. During the night following the day on which we had interviewed the Governor, Ling, one of the condemned men, committed suicide. Some friend had smuggled into the jail a percussion bomb which by biting would explode. Ling used it and blew his head off. He didn't want to be hanged. The public did not take it that way. It revived the reign of terror and fear. In the minds of the public all the condemned were associated and all were anarchists and bombers, and this act of Ling seemed proof of this. (Lucy Parsons and most of the anarchists hold the view that Ling's end came not by his own will, but by that of the authorities, in order to justify the intended execution of the four other anarchists as well.—Editor.)

We had been promised many other signatures to our petition, but after Ling's horrible suicide the wells of mercy went dry. Governor Oglesby commuted the sentences of Fielden and Schwab to life imprisonment, but the other

four were hanged on the appointed day. I was sad, very sad, on the day of the execution. I felt that a horrible wrong was being done, that innocent men were being slaughtered by law.

John P. Altgeld was elected a judge of the Superior Court in 1886 and was on the bench for three years after my election of Judge of the Circuit Court. As we were colleagues and both Democrats, we became very close friends. He resigned in 1891 and was elected governor. Our intimacy continued and I saw him frequently at Springfield on occasions of visits to my parents who lived there. In 1893, as I remember, I was at Springfield and as usual called on the Governor. I knew that a petition signed by thousands of people asking for the pardon of Neebe was before him. Someone had requested me to join my appeal to the others. I promised that I would. And on this occasion I said to him, "I hope you are going to pardon Neebe." He answered that he had the record before him in his library and was going over it. I said, "If you go through that record you will see that you ought to pardon all three of them, and I hope you will. If you do though it will be the end of your political career."

"If I decide they were innocent I will pardon them, by God, no matter what happens to my career!" he answered. He seemed annoyed with me for suggesting that in a case of that kind he would consider his ambition.

Some months later I was at Springfield again and had dinner with Altgeld at the mansion. After dinner he took me to his library. Pointing to a stack of great volumes he said, "There is the record of the anarchist case. I have read every word of it and I have decided to pardon all three of the men and I want to read you my message." He read it and I listened carefully.

He asked me what I thought of it. I answered, "I am glad you are going to pardon these men but, frankly, I don't like your message."

"Why?" he asked.

I answered, "There's too much Altgeld and not enough Governor in it. It ought to be in the third person. You are Governor now and not Altgeld."

After a long pause he said, "I believe you are right and I will rewrite it and follow your suggestions." He told me that no one in the world knew of his intended action. I promised I would keep his confidence.

Some months later I read the pardon message in the newspaper. He had not changed a word; it was exactly as he had read it to me.

One day, some months, I believe, after Fielden and Schwab had been pardoned by Governor Altgeld and while I was on the bench, my bailiff came to me and told me that there were two men in the courtroom who had asked for an interview with me. I told him to find out who they were. He reported to me in a short time that the two men were Fielden and Schwab. They had written their names on slips of paper. I told the bailiff to tell them that when court adjourned at noon I would see them. I was sorry to have to have this interview. In a way I felt I was meeting men who had come back from another world. Later they came to my chambers and presented themselves. I shook hands with them. They both expressed their gratitude for my intervention on their behalf with Governor Oglesby and my aid in helping to procure their pardon from Governor Altgeld.

We did not talk about their case. I asked them what they were doing and ascertained that they both had found work and were doing fairly well. I was very much impressed with both of them. They were both intelligent, plain workmen. I forget now what Schwab was doing but I remember that Fielden was driving a truck. I must admit that after this talk with them, I felt deeply grateful that I had participated in the effort to save the lives of two such men. Whether they are alive now, I do not know; but the last I heard was that they were both working and were earning honest livings.

Altgeld's pardon of these men brought down upon him a nation-wide flood of abuse. Even Theodore Roosevelt, as late as 1896, when he was a candidate for Vice President, in an address made in Chicago declared that Altgeld's "hands were dyed in blood and had condoned murder." These words were examples of the abuse heaped upon Altgeld by those who, like Roosevelt, knew little of the case except that men had been found guilty and then pardoned.

It has been said that this abuse accounted for Altgeld's early death. This is not true. I knew him well. I am sure he was happier to have pardoned the men, convinced as he was of their innocence, than if he had left them to die in prison as condemned murderers.

And strange to say the pardon did not, as he—and I too—expected, ruin his career. In 1896 he was the dominant figure in his party, was renominated for governor and at the election polled ten thousand more votes than the head of the ticket. When not terrified the people are just.

The conviction had grown among the people of the State that in granting the pardon Altgeld had acted nobly and courageously. He had dared to do the right thing, and the people of Illinois began to awaken to a knowledge of his great character. He was a great man, not always right, but always deeply convinced that he was helping to make the world better for those who had to work and struggle.

*—This essay, revealing the conservative point of view, appeared in the May, 1934 issue of Harper's Magazine.

MAN! is gratefully indebted to the editors of Harper's Magazine, who readily granted permission for the reprinting of the essay, whilst retaining the copyright thereof.

Kropotkin Library Appeal

Dear Friends:

In memory of a great thinker, Peter Kropotkin, we have established a Kropotkin library here, in Stelton, N. J. Due to the generosity of thinkers and workers from all walks of life, we have been able to keep this library in existence for many years. We wish now to augment the collection of books, and also, in order for the readers to keep abreast of the times, to receive current periodicals, books and pamphlets for their use. Any complimentary copies you could send us would be greatly appreciated by us.—LOUIS RAYMOND, Librarian.

ART and LITERATURE

From a War Cemetery

PROLOGUE

Second Lieutenant Ganski lay quite still and peaceful for four days. He was suffering most acutely from the effects of phosgen gas. Fever welled up from his eyes and chased his breathing in and out.

On Friday evening he got up, he sat at the table and began to write. And when the orderly attempted with persuasion to have him lie down, and later the doctor tried with professional vigor to get him to go back into bed, he opposed them with such raving and despairing energy, like a drunken man, that they finally thought it better not to excite him and let him have his own way. So he went on writing as before but with added zest, covering sheet after sheet with hurried scrawl.

It was with half astonishment and half indifference that we gazed at him from our beds. With intense frenzy he continued his self-imposed task. It was as if the whole culmination of the war depended on its immediate completion. As usual, about midnight the staccato of artillery fire shook the hospital windows in their frames. To us it was not even annoying but to Lieutenant Ganski the effect was electrical. Like one possessed, he sprang up excitedly and cried, "Go to it, you hell hounds! Let's make it a good war, a real war, a war in which there is nothing but war . . . war!" With eyes bulging in maniacal fury he screamed, "A war where there is no more 'front,' no stage, no home, no neutrals, no more good businesses, no heroic hurrahs and news brawls 'extra,' extra, no fireside watching wives—nothing, nothing but WAR!"

A paroxysm of coughing seized him. He gasped for breath. He subsided into a moan that was scarcely audible. "I feel that I must die soon. What is man? What am I? I have nothing to fear. I have nothing that I can call my own, nothing that I am anxious not to lose, no property, no home, nobody; not even a beautiful dream. I am one of those without future."

That was the end. Lieutenant Ganski paid for his violent outburst with a hemorrhage. Now he could be laid on his bed.

Next day I asked the orderly what had happened to the sheets of foolscap that the dead officer had covered with writing. Laconically he told me that it had been placed in the toilet about an hour ago to fulfill an emergency. I begged him to rescue what he could of it and allow me to read it before it was destroyed. "I'll tell you what," he said, "you give me a packet of cigarettes and I'll bring you what there remains of the crazy composition." I made the exchange with pleasure, and both of us were mighty pleased to have gotten something valuable for something practically worthless.

Here is the crazy composition of Lieutenant Ganski as it reached me on a bunch of dirty and rather torn papers. The words ran together in haste as if hunted like fugitives. The manuscript was headed:

THOSE WITHOUT FUTURE: A DRAMA

Page 1.—Scene of action: The mind of one still living. Despair and Remembrance, a cross in the Carpathians with the inscription, "Here rest 122 valiant heroes of the Allied Austrian-Hungarian and German army. Be true unto death, so shall I give unto you the crown of life."

It is night. Moonbeams stream between gloomy pines. The wind whines low and treacherously, sometimes it screams louder, like a human voice, coming from one that has long lain with his guts ripped open, and must soon die. Then it tears the thick stench that pours from the body with whirling gusts of pure mountain air.

It is one of those nights during which the unburied corpses of the ravine meet by the gaping shell holes and talk of the time when they lived.

1st SCENE

Page 2.—(Three corpses lie by the cross. All three in the uniform of the Austria-Hungarian soldiers. One might be 40 years old. Has a black full beard and both arms are missing. The second is not quite so old, stout and well built as if accustomed to a cook's work. From the neck sticks out a long thin piece of shrapnel, therefore the head is held constantly to one side. The third is very young and no wound is visible on the body.)

1st Corpse: "Oh, Frances, the night is so empty . . . so empty . . . so empty."

2nd Corpse: "At home I used to get up sometimes when we had such a moon and look from the window over to the mountains . . . I wish I could see that sight once more . . . And scratch my cow between the ears. When I did that it used to look at me, so good . . ." (Silence.)

1st Corpse: "I would like to be with a woman once more. Just one single night. Just one night more . . ."

Page 3.—2nd Corpse: (gloomily) "Yeah . . ." Silence.

3rd Corpse: "It must be good to be with a woman? (with longing) 'I have never known what it means . . .'"

1st Corpse: "You have never . . . ?"

3rd Corpse: (sadly) "No."

1st Corpse: "Oh, you poor devil." (Silence.)

SCENE 2

Page 4.—Four other corpses come and sit or lay themselves down with the first three. The fourth corpse carries the uniform of a German Imperial Lieutenant of an infantry regiment. The lower jaw has been shot away and it sounds very funny when an attempt is made to talk. Under the right arm, corpse 5 carries both legs and the abdomen is missing. Part of a Russian officers uniform is recognizable. Corpse 6 has a Jewish appearance, is dressed as a Hungarian storm-trooper and has no visible wounds. The last, corpse 7, is a German National Volunteer of only a year's military experience, with nose and eyes blown away. Already from a distance one can hear the voice of

Page 5.—5th Corpse: "Yes, you take the same quantities of culture and patriotism, mix together with the customary ideals and a few of the highest national values. Season to taste with historical necessities and let the whole cook well for a long time in stirred-up national enthusiasm. To give it a spicy flavor for delicate palates, a little Biblical melodrama may be sprinkled. The whole is then served—Oh, please watch yourself cant you, somebody has stepped on the stem of my bladder again!—The whole is then served with heroic sauce of chivalry."

Page 6.—(The four corpses have, during this cynical outburst, arrived at the hole. Corpse 5 is leaned against the cross and reads the inscription.)

5th Corpse: "I wasn't here before—Be true unto death, so shall I give unto you the crown of life—Some nice crown, what? A cigarette would be more good to me just now—One hundred and twenty-two, gosh, that is nearly a whole company—And of course, heroes, just like us. A painful scurvy time, being torn to shreds and blown to bits, which only idiots can call heroism—Near Drohobycz I had the opportunity for a few minutes to admire quite a lot of heroism through the periscope. Our battalion was in position occupying a hollow, and was to attack. Most of the men swallowed whisky or rum and quickly overcame their hollow feelings. All were ashen-grey as chalk, whether it was from bravery and courage or whether it was caused by the challenging prospect of mass suicide, I don't know. The officers in charge clutched their watches in their hands. Then all at once the whole bunch of heroes went over the

top and ran to attack the German lines. A half-minute and already a hundred meters before them sprang up the first earthen tulips of the German bombardment roaring from the ground, singly, at first, and after a few seconds hun-



Linoleum Cut By Wanda

Statesmen Planning . . . More Cemeteries

dreds rebound and roar together—a high, impenetrable wall of earth, steel, and death.

Page 7.—And into that the battalion ran and let itself be mashed to human marmalade. After scarcely five minutes, the Germans ceased firing. A fabulous triumph of modern technique. More than 500 crowns created in five minutes, sacrificed on the altar of their Fatherland.

I packed up my periscope and gave my report, as I just outlined, to headquarters. And there I found they were already zealously planning new opportunities for similar heroic deeds.

For some hours still we could hear the crying and whimpering of men on the field of honor and glory, men out there obviously returning to the bosom of their almighty and all-merciful Father. Then it was all over. Only one begged till far into the night continuously, "Sonja, Sonja darling, don't be angry with me; you know how I love you—Sonja!—How I love!"

Page 8.—At night a few more crumbs of the soldier-salad were gathered up and brought back. By reason of the common humanitarian principles of our century. A student of Philology from the 2nd company was among them. His internal organs, by God's undiscerning resolve, were somewhat disarranged, from shrapnel wounds. In addition he had become witless and crazed and talked and talked without pausing at the dressing station. They should tie up his intestines and make a nice bow. It looks so slovenly and his mother didn't like him to be careless of his personal appearance . . .

Of course the military reporter, Moskowskija Wjedomosti was discreetly silent concerning such details as these."

4th Corpse: "With the periscope I also have had a view of the war."

The most horrible experience of my life. The assault of our regiment on the village of Ferme La Justice Eternelle . . ." (Silence.)

"And so what?"

4th Corpse: "Yes . . . well . . ."

"Our Chief was a loud-spoken patriot—A champion of the good old stock" he called himself. That was proved by the many excellent awards on his breast, and the long list of casualties his regiment had suffered. When he spoke with us his sentences swarmed with words like manly courage, drawn swords, heroic death, and home country. And he let no opportunity pass, but that he saw to it these chivalrous words were transposed into actual reality by his regiment—especially 'heroic death.'

Page 9.—On that day at sun-rise he had us attack the Ferme without the usual preceding artillery bombardment. From the point of view of tactics completely senseless and the goal itself useless. It was utter madness—but orders are orders.

Just before the attack was launched I was sent to the rear with an important message to him. At the regimental headquarters he was not around. He was further up the line on observation, in a small brick cabin, something like a small summer-house.

A sentry stood before the door, with strict orders to let no one inside. But he obediently threw his knees together, saluting his superior, and I stepped inside.

Our honored Chief stood at the window behind the periscope and observed the manly courage of his troops, the Chief was staring through the periscope and masturbating . . .

The enemy's bombardment blazed away, and I stood and saw.

The Chief staring through the periscope and masturbating!

Page 10.—Until a ghastly panting of satisfaction broke from the man at the periscope, bent double in the grip of sensual pleasure—and then I must laugh, laugh, laugh out loudly—like a madman. He turned round, made movements with his hands as if he would tickle the atmosphere, his terror-stricken face distorted with an expression of imbecility, and he fainted.

He was furloughed on account of nervous breakdown and I was transferred to another division.

The regiment had 197 dead. The survivors should receive the iron cross by the bucketful.

The letters of those fallen in the attack were returned back home again with the customary stamp: "He died a hero fighting for his Fatherland."

The few white drops on the periscope case—these! these! were for those poor devils their Fatherland!"

(With conviction): "That is the real view of war. Swindle, swindle, cursed swindle, are all the empty phrases—the bellies and pockets of a few thousand rascals is the sense of the war. For these, millions of harmless men let themselves be slaughtered, and wherever possible shout 'Hurrah' to their insanity. Whether it is a sadist-officer, the profit in millions of some munitions or leather contractor, or a human

swine by the Grace of God—we're all crazy and others fatten their bellies on it!" (Silence.)

Page 11.—7th Corpse: "He made man in his own image: in the image of God he created him."

(Bitter and cynical outburst of laughter.)

5th Corpse: "Sure, just so miserable, common, and disgusting (makes a face) I have always imagined God to be." (Silence.)

7th Corpse: (doubtful, and almost in tears): "Oh, that was for me the most terrible disappointment, that God doesn't exist . . ."

6th Corpse: "What d'you mean? I'm glad he don't exist, otherwise he would want to torment us through all eternity."

7th Corpse: "But now I see that my whole life was false! I would have lived quite differently, you understand. A whole life, false and wasted!"

Page 12.—(Oppressed, and gasping with despair): "And I can never live again! We just lie here to rot and putrify! Putrify . . ."

5th Corpse: "Yes, every joy, every happiness that is not exploited at the moment is lost for ever. It passes and is gone. And it could have meant such happiness."

7th Corpse: (Crying out): "Yes! Yes!—To —rot and putrify!—And I have never lived . . ." (Silence.)

4th Corpse: "We all find things out when it is too late. We were all showered with lies about the good life. We were the fools of many ideals."

6th Corpse: "They stuck up a lot of bogeys, gave them fancy names, and we were afraid of them our whole life long. Like the farmer stands in the cornfield a scarecrow and the foolish sparrows think: 'It is not allowed to relieve our hunger.' And they do not eat. And they could eat all the time; eat themselves full quite undisturbed for the scarecrow would not hurt them. The farmer would have to watch and try to catch them. But the sparrows are afraid of the dummy, so the farmer can sit comfortably in his kitchen. I would like to see him when he had no scarecrow and he must alone drive away the thousands of sparrows from the corn."

Page 13.—"So clever is the farmer and so dumb the sparrows." (Silence.)

7th Corpse: "So dumb were we too! So dumb!"

2nd Corpse: "As dumb as they make them. And how!"

5th Corpse: "And cowardly, too."

7th Corpse: "And we can never live again!" (Silence.)

3rd Corpse: (Quite softly, as in a dream): "Mario . . ."

(MISSING PAGES)

Page 64.—so I lay also the second day.

Raving from thirst and pain.

And at night the rats came again and ate gluttonously at the dead and mortally wounded bodies.

Two of them as fat as young pigs, almost as big as cats, sat themselves boldly on my breast. With much spitting and grunting they did their business of hatching a family, and, fully satisfied, began again to eat at those around me—.

5th Corpse: "Yes, sweet and honorable it is to die for the Fatherland. Just as we learnt at school. And since it has been asserted and maintained for about two thousand years it must be true. A so-called fundamental and eternal truth."

15th Corpse: "Fatherland!—Shit!!!"

"In 1914 I also stood on my hind legs and blew a hole in the seat of my pants shouting 'Long Live Hungary! For a finer and bigger Hungary!'"

"That time I rode at the head of my battalion through the streets of Temesvár, and the whole hoodlums stood staring and shouting 'Hurrahs' . . ."

"Today if I could just once more drink a glass of my own wine and embrace a nice young girl in my arms—for my part the Roumanian and Serbian Kings could take the whole of Budapest!"

"What the hell do I care?" (Silence.)

Page 65.—3rd Corpse: "I was only 12 years old when my mother died, my dear, good mother."

Sadly, I took my organ and went out into the world, quite alone.

I came into the city of Vienna, and further into Italy, and then I wandered through Serbia, Bulgaria, and Rumania, till I came far, far into Russia.

Everywhere I played my organ and sang Slavic folk songs. And everywhere there were good people. They seemed to understand my songs. They helped me, gave me to eat and drink, and in winter a place to sleep.

And then I had to learn to shoot, to shoot perhaps those people who were good to me.

And my home country, my Fatherland, has always oppressed us and treated us poor Slavs badly . . ." (Silence.)

Page 66.—9th Corpse: "Fatherland Hungary? . . . There where the lonely and melancholy Nagy falls down to the clear ripple of the Olt, there I have, or rather, I had a small house. A garden bloomed round it in summer. A tiny lake glittered and reflected the brilliant sky—and my little son accompanied the small funny-looking ducks to their first swim. Or he sat quietly near me in my work room and wondered about the secret of its dust, that he couldn't understand, clinging to the many hundred books that filled the room. Sometimes when I looked up from my work and looked at my son, a sweet feeling of undiscernible joy and contentment went through me. What it is to feel such joy! And at night my wife told him fairy tales and sang him to sleep. Then we were both alone and she helped me with my work, or we read together, Eminescu, Cosbuc, Slavici . . . but also Sophocles, Nietzsche, Anatole France, and Dostoyevsky . . ."

Page 67.—So much happiness there was in our home! And I have lived for my home with heart and soul—for my home I would gladly have died.

But a Fatherland Hungary?—

What is that?

My Fatherland Hungary was an eternally drunken officer of the law who always irritated and annoyed me because I spoke my Slavic tongue and not Hungarian, because my books were printed in Bucharest.

My Fatherland was a priest who told the Hungarian children to fight my boy because I did not go to his Church. My Fatherland then became a despicable Sergeant-Major and an equally common Lieutenant who treated us Roumanians like dogs.

My Fatherland Hungary was lice, hunger, dysentery, soul-destruction, endless, senseless, marches in glaring sunshine; my Fatherland Hungary was finally the order to murder, to murder people . . .

(MISSING PAGES)

Page 81.—rightly indifferent and bitter. And besides he was only 25 or 26 years old. He was otherwise not a bad comrade. When anybody wanted anything they need only go to him. And at Verdun, there he went out nearly every night during the heaviest fire and brought in wounded. But as I said, he never of his own choice spoke a single word with us.

Besides, he had never received any mail, not once!

I asked him once, "Well, Alfel, does nobody at all write to you? Your sweetie surely hasn't forgotten you?" And he looked at me so full of despair and hopelessness and went away.

Well, to shorten the story, we lay somewhere in a sort of Polish nest, a nice quiet position.

And one day, accidentally, as it usually happens, we sat together peeling potatoes, when a random shrapnel piece

took young Felix from our group. It had entered the nape of his neck and he was killed instantly.

Page 82.—The ambulance came, somebody said, "They will be done."

And Altfel replied very quietly:
"And that too!" But there was nevertheless something in his voice that made us all turn round to him.

He had become deadly pale and trembled all over. And suddenly he bent down, kissed young Felix on the forehead, and ran away—

At night we went on duty together, six men, and he was also with us.
It was a beautiful night in May; moonlight, everything so quiet and peaceful.

I couldn't help thinking of other nights, nights in the moonlight before the war.
Then music of a fiddle began to play from the lines opposite. We thought at first that we heard ghosts. But it became more and more clear.

Such sorrowful, passionate melodies, full of longing. One cannot describe the feelings it gave one.

It was like a funeral march for poor Felix.
We could have groaned aloud; so sad and melancholy it sounded. And from rage that we must stick out here, while at home . . .

Page 83.—About an hour later the Russians stopped playing. For a while it was all quiet again—like being in a church. All at once, Altfel climbed out of the hole and stood exposed above.

And in a loud voice he began to sing:
"Arise! ye children of starvation . . ."

We thought that he must have a screw loose. But scarcely had he sung the first line when from the enemy's lines the fiddle began to accompany him.

It was such a strange sight.
I had never heard the song before.

Four or five verses. And always when it came to:
"Then comrades come rally
The last fight let us face,
The Internationale
Unites the Human Race!"

then the Russians joined in, singing in Russian naturally. Not a man from the other side sent over a shot and they certainly must have seen Altfel standing up there in the full moonlight.

Such a strange sight it was.
On the next day Altfel was arrested. Who knows what has become of him.

And that night we were ordered to attack the Russians and (Missing Pages)

Page 87.—6th Corpse: "The war is like a movie-house, those who have the most money sit comfortably watching but not too near."

19th Corpse: "Yes, and if we idiots in the front line could have more gumption and chase those officers to the devil instead of allowing ourselves to be butchered out there. And when we went over the top for that, at least we'd know why. But such . . ."

5th Corpse: "Well, we are sure of the gratitude of our Fatherland."

They will put up monuments to us heroes, and on the anniversary of every important historic battle they will gather there and with honorable words recall our noble imbecilities. And they will faithfully swear to hold us true and see that our children are also slaughtered.

But personally, I would not do them the favor of making children available for cannon fodder." (Silence.)

22nd Corpse: (who has been engaged for some time trying to withdraw a long, dirty, sickening worm out of a wound behind the ear, and now holds the writhing animal between the fingers): "I wish I could send this pig in a letter to my mother as the last souvenir of her only child."

Page 88.—She could wrap it in a black-white-and-red ribbon and hang it over my picture in her bedroom. And perform her morning and evening devotion before it." (Silence.)

(An owl hoots in the distance and from nearby another answers.)

21st Corpse: (slowly, almost solemnly): "We millions of corpses should get together one night after dark, just as we are, half-crippled and half-eaten, and go to those who gave us birth: 'See, mother! This is your son!'" . . . (Silence.)

Sarah Kreisler

The Death of Carl Nold

This news will be met by our readers with the deepest of regrets. Carl Nold occupied a most conspicuous place in the annals of our movement. This will be dealt with in a detailed biographical sketch in a forthcoming issue.

Carl Nold joined as a collaborator of MAN! when there were no less than four other publications being published, leaving the Freedom on which he was a collaborator. Later on he even appealed to all the other publications, three of them now defunct, to concentrate all efforts upon the publication of MAN! His Spark-Plugs will sorrowfully be missed. They were the most quoted feature in many of our exchanges.

One of his close friends wrote us last month:

"Carl is very sick. I was there today. He thinks and talks of nothing but the movement. Carl's work for the collection (the now renowned Labadie Collection at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, built up by the unceasing efforts of Miss Agnes Inglis) has been tremendous and unceasing, along not only the German anarchist line but along every line . . . He has not been sick very long but he is failing fast—but does not know it."

The end came on October 14. The end of the bodily Carl Nold, not the spiritual. For, whatever each contributes toward the greatest of all worthy struggles—the Dawn of a Freed Humanity—never dies. It ever marches on and on, kindling and inspiring the living as well as those that follow.

MAN! is happy for having had the collaboration of such a Comrade as Carl Nold, and extends fraternal expressions of sympathy to all those Comrades who were fortunate in being personally associated with him in life.

The Problem of Education

Under this title there has just appeared a most interesting pamphlet, it being a lecture given at the Ferrer School by Alexis C. Fern. It is published by the Modern School Association of Stelton, N. J. The price is ten cents per copy.

Financial Statement

(From Sept. 15 to Nov. 15, 1934)

Income	\$115.33
Balance on hand	34.23
Total	\$149.56
Expenditures	\$152.54
Cash on hand	149.52
Deficit	\$ 3.02

For any omission or errors notify us. In sending money use bank checks or express money drafts.

The Russian Comrades In Defense of Petrini

By a mere chance we have come across an issue of the Italian Communist paper, "Unita Operaia," which is published in New York (June 23rd, 1934). From this issue of the paper we learn that the vicious slanders against Comrade Petrini are still being spread by the Communist publications. Therefore Russian Anarchists deem it worth to voice our indignant protest against this outrage. Not because we care to dispute with the various Communist editors who are paid for their pitiful labor of professional calumnies but to let the workers who live out of Russia know what the Petrini case really is. And in order to do so it is better to first give a short account of the man's activities.

Petrini, born of a poor family of Ancona in Italy, began his life of toil at the early age of 13. When he was 16 years old he joined the Anarchist movement, performing a very active revolutionary work.

In 1919 he was arrested for his activities in a general strike, but was later released as a consequence of an amnesty.

In 1920 during the fight against the expeditions of Italian troops to Albania he was wounded in one of the crashes and then arrested. He was arrested once more in 1922 when the Fascists took possession of Ancona.

In 1924 he was accused of the killing of a policeman during the revolt of Ancona, and succeeded in evading a warrant of arrest by escaping from the city and thereafter living in hiding. His case was tried in 1926 and with a judgment in contumacy he was sentenced to 20 years imprisonment. The comrades were advising him to expatriate but due to the fact that he didn't know any foreign language, Petrini was very reluctant to do so, but finally the persistency of the comrades, among whom was Malatesta, succeeded in convincing him.

Since Malatesta had advised him to go to Russia—where he also might see the real conditions of the proletariat under the Socialist State, Petrini, furnished with the necessary means, came to live in this proletarian state, imagining it to be different from what it is in reality. No sooner did he get here than he was very much disillusioned, noticing the sharp antagonism between the Anarchist and the Bolshevik views.

In 1927 he decided to leave the U. S. S. R., but it was too late already since he was then arrested by the Moscow O. G. P. U. One can imagine what a blow it was to him, not knowing the language, not knowing the psychology of the people, without any familiarity with the Bolsheviks' methods and more than anything else not knowing the cause of his arrest, which was kept from him for an entire year. Since here any unfortunate dissenter can be thrown in jail without even letting him know under what kind of a charge.

In April, 1928 Petrini was transferred to the Butirki prison and from there to the hospital because his health had been seriously impaired. Finally in 1929 he got the sad news! An official communication from which he learned that at a special meeting of the O. G. P. U. he had been sentenced to 10 years in prison for being a Fascist spy.

The news of such an infamous accusation almost drove Petrini to insanity. He grieved and despaired for a long time, saying that it would have been much better to kill him outright than to torture him with such an infamy. The thought that some day his boy might feel the consequences of such an infamous calumny, made the accusation more tormentful than ever. Not even the unconditional esteem of all the comrades could in any way console him: he continued to grieve until his health became extremely precarious.

At this point it is proper to add that the Russian authorities themselves have realized the absurdity of the accusation against our comrade and after having kept Petrini in prison—rather in the "iron cage" without light or air, deprived of the most necessary things and often even of food—for five years decided to send him to Astrakhan under the surveillance of the local O. G. P. U.

To give the lie to the various agents of Moscow who continue to affirm that Petrini is a spy would suffice the very fact that here, in Astrakhan, he has not been placed in the department where are usually confined the spies and counter-revolutionists, but in the department in which the Anarchists and Socialists are exiled.

But there is more yet: some time ago after another enquiry, a state functionary came to tell Petrini that, would he join a military academy he would have been given a good chance for a career, or, that if he wanted to get out of here he should have joined the Italian Communist party. Petrini turned down every offer and energetically refused to become a spy for the so-called soviets and therefore the Bolshevik authorities continue to persecute him mercilessly. After this who could still maintain that Petrini is a spy? Only the Communists, who inherited from their master Karl Marx the method of calumny to demolish their opponents. But the Anarchists and the sincere workers in general should see in Petrini a victim who must be freed as soon as possible.

The Russian Anarchists are unable to make any move for his liberation. We can give and we do give him all our moral support, and at the same time appeal to the workers and comrades who live outside of Russia to promote a strong campaign of protests and agitations in his favor.

The case of Petrini is the same as that of Sacco and Vanzetti: under certain aspects even more serious. Those two victims were doomed to a sudden, violent death, while Petrini is doomed to a slow but certain death which is even more painful and agonizing. It is therefore necessary that this case should be taken at heart by a larger sphere of people.

Petrini is seriously sick. The pulmonary tuberculosis contracted in the prisons of the Bolshevik paradise is accentuating from day to day and could kill him at any moment. Should this happen it would not only add another infamy to the record of Bolshevism, but it will also be an act of culpable indifference on the part of the workers who could

have saved Petrini through a strongly felt agitation and instead didn't do it.

We hope, though, that the workers will heed our appeal and do their utmost to save a victim from the claws of the Bolshevik monster.

Russian Anarchist Initiatory Group for the Liberation of Alfonso Petrini.

U. R. S. S., August, 1934.

Reaction On the Saddle

Adolf Hitler's repeated claims of the "bloodless" Nazi revolution are thoroughly refuted by the report of the German League for Human Rights, published by its Prague section. The report which covers the period from January 30, 1933 to April 1, 1934, is necessarily incomplete in view of the impossibility of an investigation of numerous cases. It contains, nevertheless, the names of 650 persons killed by the Nazis, legally executed or shot "while trying to escape." Dates and necessary details are given in each case.

The number of murders in Berlin and the ill-famed concentration camp Oranienburg alone amount to 38. Eighty-one death sentences were pronounced for political crimes, most of the sentences meanwhile having been carried out. In addition, 30 criminals were turned over to the executioner. Thus, in scarcely 14 months of the new German dictatorship nearly 100 persons have been executed.

In comparison with last year's political murder rate, only 66 political deaths are listed for the years 1924-1929. The growth of the Nazi movement was accompanied by a striking steady increase of political violence. While 62 deaths were reported for 1930-1931, the figure rose to 132 in 1932. These figures clearly reflect the murderous barbarity on which the Third German Reich is based, the report concludes.

Frau Paula Wallisch, the widow of one of the Austrian Socialist leaders executed as a result of the February disorders has been condemned to a year's hard labor, in spite of her ill health.

Since the Hitler dictatorship inaugurated its reign of terror in Germany, approximately 60,000 books, 85,000 periodicals and magazines, 250,000 pamphlets, 1,600 pictures, 500 photographic negatives and two films have been confiscated. These figures have no bearing on the Nazi coordination which has taken place successfully in the field of German literature and journalism. The government has ordered the establishment of a special institute which will keep copies of each of the confiscated books and documents as well as of the illegal papers circulating throughout Germany.

Conscientious objection is increasing in Belgium, but only a few know to what inhuman treatment these boys are subjected. The conscientious objectors, William de Baere and Jan Thielemans, got a serious kidney disease through being confined in the concrete cells of St. Gilles prison, they being paralyzed in both legs. The former can walk again, after having suffered much, but is extremely weak. Jan Thielemans, on the other hand, is going down hill and is being pushed about in an invalid's chair. The doctors have given up all hopes of recovery. Yet he has only been set at liberty "provisionally" by the Belgian government.

The Government of France continues its persecution against anti-militarists. Comrade Charles Coin was sentenced to two years imprisonment.

Comrades Gerard Leretour, Eugene Lagot and Bernizet, the manager of Le Semeur have been sentenced to 18 months imprisonment, in their absence, on account of an article which has appeared in the French anarchist weekly Le Semeur and in Evolution (editor Victor Marguerite). The judgment was pronounced on the strength of the following expressions:

"The army has an anti-social character . . . It is as a breeding place of misery and oppression . . . It is the everlasting cause and never lasting means for collective mass murder, which threatens humanity with bloody ruin . . . How can we best overcome the army? One-sided education by the state for several centuries, added to a handy exploitation of fear, has created in individuals an instinctive, atavistic discipline, from which militarism gets its only power . . . Discipline (read fear, fear-inspiring) is the principal force of armies. The principal force to destroy the army is disobedience, the critical spirit and last of all conscientious objection."

Mr. Joseph De Lille, a Flemish Catholic, has recently been thrown out as mayor of Maldegem, by the Belgian government. His crime consisted in having made an anti-militarist speech in the Belgian Parliament. An honest man evidently has no business in a House of Deceit.

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